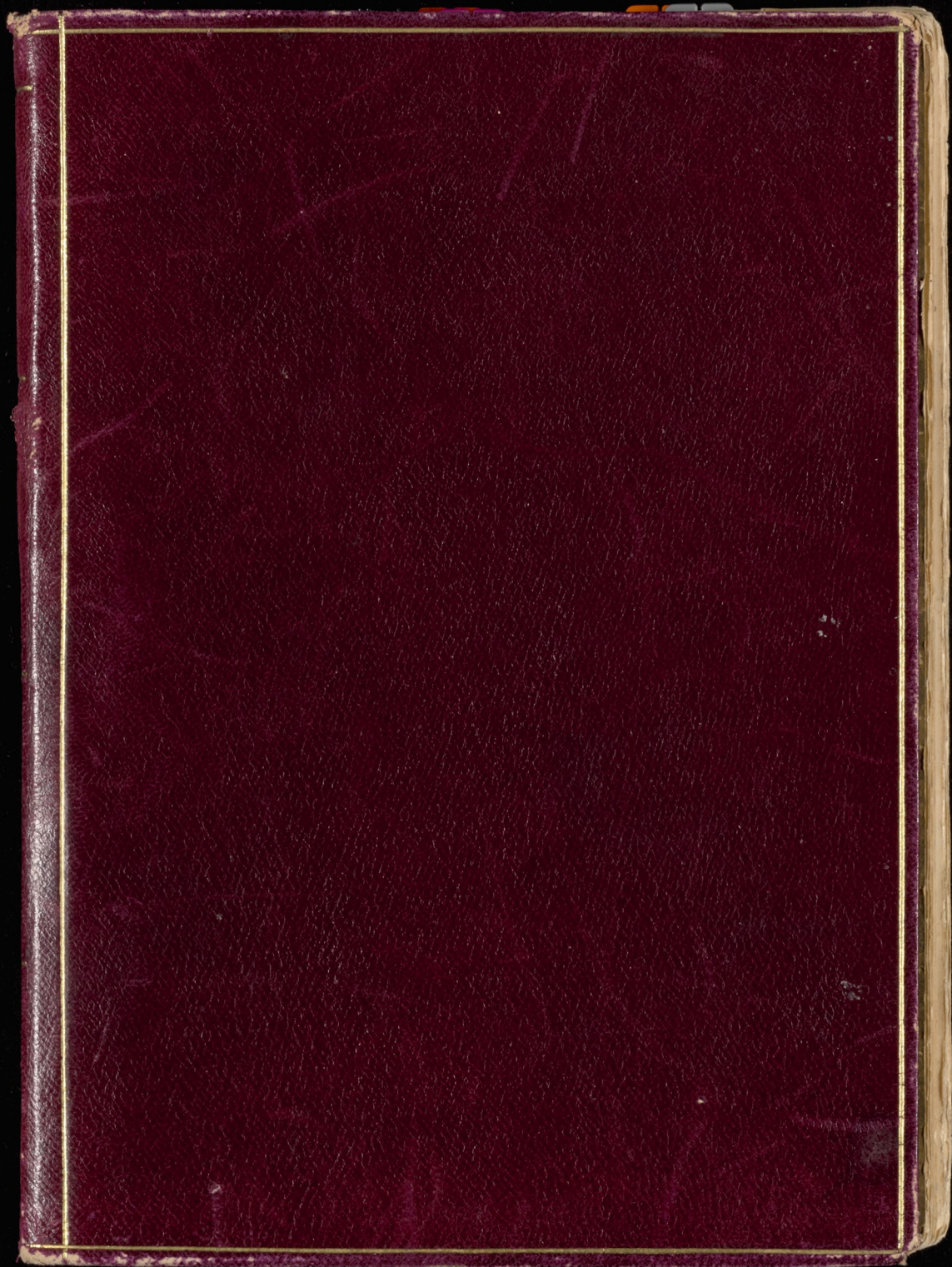


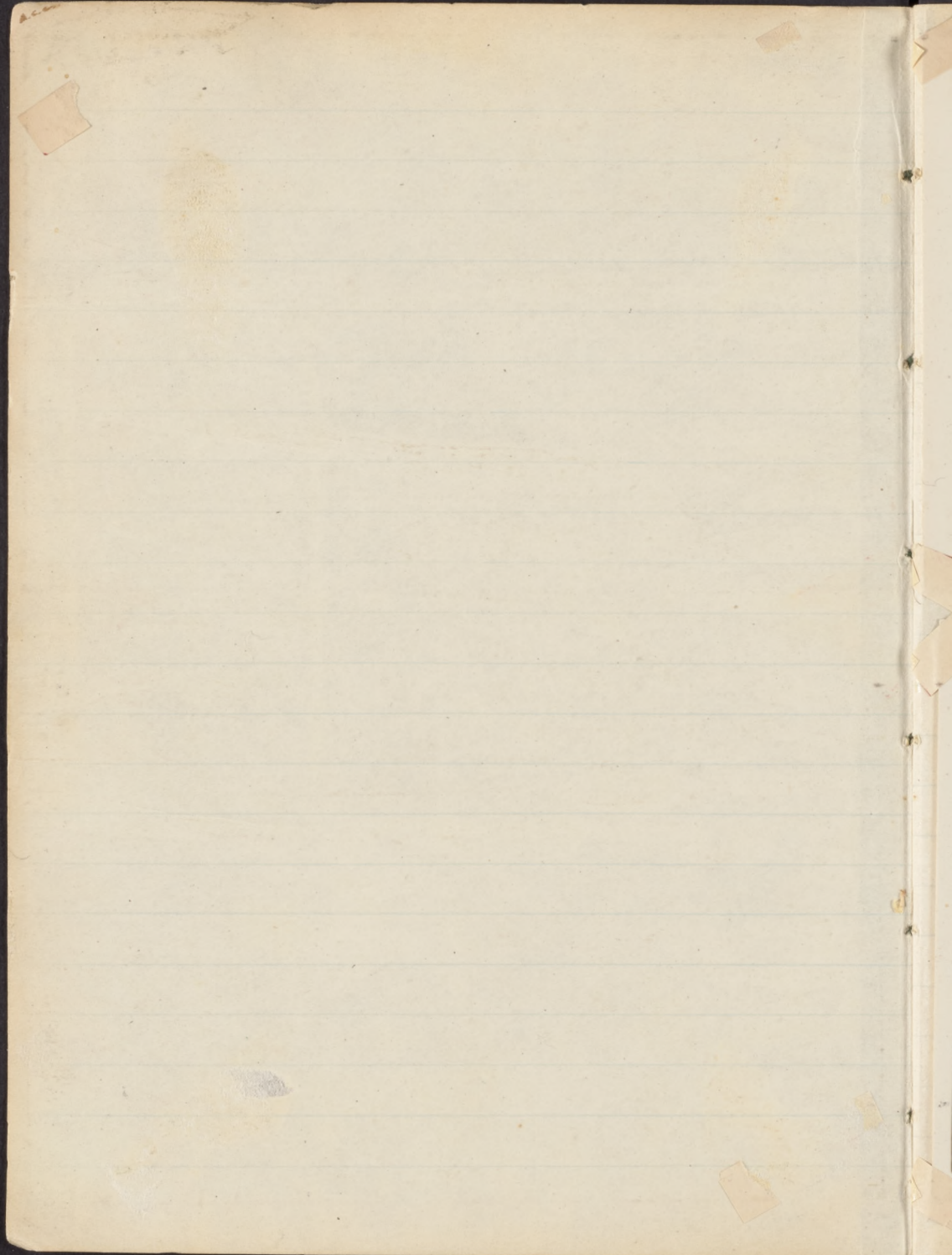


Charlotte Jean Kellogg

Memory Book

1925 - 6

3/





3. Genève, Barque du Léman

p. 30



GENÈVE — Pont des Bergues et l'Île Rousseau.

9250

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Tissé Soie. *Page 7*



Grand Hôtel Bellevue
GENÈVE

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LES CYGNES

P. 30



Lac Léman — Le Bateau « Italie »

3544



4. GENÈVE. La Rade et le Jet d'eau.

8, 30

July 4, 1925

Belgium

At two-thirty P.M. I landed at Antwerp from the S.S. Belgenland Red Star Line. The trip had been very satisfactory. Early in the morning the ship cast anchor a little above the mouth of the river Scheldt. This was necessary because such a big ship as the Belgenland could not advance up the river unless aided by the tide. So we waited for the latter. The Belgenland was the largest and newest of the Red Star Line. It was a ship of 21,000 tons. Leaning over the ship's rail I saw quite a few dolphins playing around in the grey water. Land was visible on either side of the ship.

After two or three hours the tide came in from the channel and up went the anchor the ship

Turned around in a perfect circle and then we started upstream. The river gets narrower and shallower all the way to Antwerp and the Belgenland, which is the biggest ship to navigate the river, had to pay attention to its course. Here and there great big mud flats stuck out of the water, and you could see tiny waves breaking on the mud bars. At times we were within a few hundred yards from the shore. I thought surely we would go aground. The Belgian country can be recognized almost at once. The row of straight trees all of even height are a sure sign. The little fields some

green and some brown make a kind
 of checkerboard of the landscape,
 so different from our great wheat
 fields that stretch unbroken
 for miles. When we were near
 enough to shore, all the Belgian
 peasants ran out of their little
 thatched houses and waved and
 screamed. Some of us waved back.
 The men ploughing in the fields
 stopped to look as we slowly
 made our way up the river. Little
 boys all but fell off the tiny
 piers waving and yelling. We
 must have been a pretty sight.
 The boat is enormous, and new
 and white, and we had all
 our flags flying, and a whole
 string of peasants from bow
 to stern fastened to the tips of
 the masts. I would have liked to

have been on shore to see it.
Just before Antwerp two pilot
boats came out to help us dock.
The river is so narrow there that
we had to be turned around by
these boats and then go in back-
wards. This was successfully
accomplished and in we went.
Despite the smallness of the river,
the amount of shipping is incredible.
For the sake of economy of space
most of the ships are neatly
placed in small concrete tanks
which greatly resemble swimming
pools. It is hard to see how
they squeeze in. Since Mother
had an infection on her arm which
had to be operated on at once we
made a dash through the customs
and jumped in the car which was
waiting for us with Émile and

went off at hot haste for Brussels.
We went through Antwerp and
then through a stretch of lovely
country. We arrived in Brussels
and went straight to the Fondation
Universitaire where we were to stay.
We had a lovely suite of rooms.
We sent mother to the Doctors
and had supper in our salon.

July 5 -

Up early in the morning, ready
to go to Malines for Mass and the
fête, and then lunch with the
Hessaines. We took with us
Aunt Corription, a former Holton -
Arms girl whom we met on
the boat. Taking Emily and
the car we made an early start.
The road to Malines is lovely,
and we passed through many

lovely villages. We saw a few
 canals. Occasionally a windmill was
 seen yesterday on the Holland side.
 Malines is a lovely town whose
 chief attraction is the Cathedral.
 This Cathedral is very beautiful
 and its tower is wonderfully
 carved the tower is square in
 shape and flat on the top resembling
 one of Notre Dame. In the top is
 a wonderful old bell along with
 the most beautiful Chimes in
 Europe. The Chime-player is
 Sengyn the greatest in the world.
 One can imagine the combination.
 We went directly to the Cathedral
 after passing under an old
 fortified gate which formerly
 formed an entrance to a wall
 which surrounded it. The
 chanoine Bessain had reserved

7
seats for us well up in the Church.
Dessain is the abbe' and closest
friend of Cardinal Mercier. The
Cardinal is head of the Church
in Belgium and is a very wonderful
old man. He showed remarkable
bravery, resource and courage
during the war and secured the
devotion of the people. He is
a good friend of Mothers who
worked in Belgium during the war.
He is now seventy-four. The
square in front of the Cathedral
was packed with a Circus.
Merry-go-rounds and popcorn stands
and side-shows were ready
waiting to whop it up as soon
as the people came from Mass.
Belgium is a Catholic country
and deeply religious, but they
are very liberal as is shown by

circus affair. The inside of the Cathedral was very beautiful. It was decorated with great scarlet banners which draped down from a canopy at the top and were attached to pillars. They were embroidered with heavy threads of gold and silver and colors into religious emblems. The altar was flanked by many tall burning tapers. Half-way down the aisle was a silver and gold coffer containing the relics of some saint ^{Pomelan} with many candles around it. The walls and niches were decorated with figures of saints and religious emblems. The air was heavy with incense which came from the silver censers which were swinging back and forth. The day was the fête of a saint that came one

every fifty years. The cardinal
did not officiate. But the
Bishops were there dressed in
magnificent robes of crimson
embroidered heavily in gold and
silver. The Mass was beautiful.
The choir and leader and organ
are all famous for their excellence.
Since Malines though a small
town is the seat of the head of the
Church, this is natural. Afterwards
We were escorted by the Bessain
sisters to the Hotel de Ville
in order to witness the procession.
The Hotel de Ville or town Hall
is another very ancient and
lovely building used as a sort of
museum. We were taken out on
a large carved stone balcony
which commanded a good
view of the square. The bell

now began talking, and then I heard the chimes. They were perfectly heavenly. The procession was of course religious. It was gay with banners and costumes and bands.

Saints' relics in great massive silver and gold shrines and caskets had come from the cities and Cathedral from all over the country and were carried by special delegations. There were shrines and statues in wonderful colors. From the Cathedral at Autun came a statue of the Virgin dressed in magnificent and costly clothes made of real gold cloth and encrusted with genuine pearls and jewels. There were costumes and flowers. Bringing up the end of the procession as the chimes were the Bishops of Belgium and the

Cardinal; arrayed in magnificent robes and carrying jewelled emblems and crooks, and wearing jewel encrusted crowns. The cardinal was dressed all in Scarlet with Scarlet gloves and cap. His train was at least twenty feet long and was held up by monks. The bishops and the Cardinal walked by blessing the crowd which knelt on the pavements. Immediately afterward came a shrill whistle from a merrygo round, and the people who had gathered from miles around engaged in a very good time. We went down and went to the Tessins for lunch. Anne going with us. The house was large and beautiful and they had a lovely garden. It was surrounded

lovely old vine covered walls, above
 which you could see the tiled
 roofs of the quaint old Flemish
 houses. There was patch of green
 lawn, some delphinium mixed
 up in a lovely tangled mass
 of flaming poppies. There were
 beds of pansies and an old
 apple tree, a fig tree and the
 whole place was overruled with
 some heavenly jasmine.
 The lunch was excellent and
 we stayed till four. We drove
 home, and deposited Anne at
 her hotel and then went back
 to the Fondation.

July 6 - Today we started
 out to look for a place to
 get clothes. We found the
 Maison Saint and ordered a
 lovely coat for me. We did

many errands but nothing of importance. I went to a lunch given in our honor by Monsieur Higer. Teddy was summoned to the palace to visit the king, and was made Commandeur of the Order of Leopold I.

July - 7. A fitting of the coat and nothing of importance. Many flowers have come to us and we are overwhelmed with invitations.

July - 8. I attended a dinner in our honor and indulged in my first champagne.

July 9- Another dinner for Mother and Teddy. More

fittings. In the afternoon I went out with Mademoiselle Hapo. I visited the Musée Cinqcentenaire, and had tea at the Bon Marche, a huge department store.

July 10 I went and had an interview with the Cardinal at Malines. It was very interesting. We went to his palace where we met M^{rs}. Bersain and then we stayed about ten minutes.

We then had lunch with the Bersains. Nothing else of importance.

July 11 Visited the museum of modern art with M^{lle} Pantier whom I like very much. Her father is a doctor, and her

parents are great friends of mother's. We came back and had tea and cookies at the Foundation. After that we took her home in the car and went to have a last fitting of my coat at the Maison David! It is very nice to have a car, a Stud elcher as it happens for all my stay here. I don't know what we would do without it. My coat is very lovely, a kind of poppy color trimmed with a Scotch wool plaid of lovely and harmonizing colors that match the coat. More flowers and invitations and dinners most of which I do not attend. Tomorrow we go to Malines again. July 12.

Up early in the morning to

go once more to Malines for a very beautiful Mass. The Church was decorated as the Sunday before, ~~if~~ unless perhaps a bit more elaborately, for the Cardinal was to officiate. The Mass which is a very ancient one was sung without organ accompaniment. The choir was excellent and it was extremely well done, and very beautiful. The Cardinal and his bishops were there all arrayed in magnificent robes. The ceremony was very beautiful and there were many priests and abbés there. Afterwards we went to Louvain to have lunch with M. Vermeir of the University of Louvain. Louvain and Malines and all that country had been badly shot up during

the war. On looking up at the great stained glass windows in the Cathedral at Malines one could see that they were riddled with shrapnel holes but these were covered over with ordinary glass and a wire netting. A great hole had been torn out of the side of the Cathedral but it had been repaired. The whole town still had marks of fire and shell. Louvain was burned and almost completely demolished and its Cathedral and famous University and Library were almost totally destroyed. But they are built up again now. America is rebuilding the Library. At lunch I met a very nice girl and we looked at the town and went to her house

afterwards. The hotel de Ville at Louvain is a marvel. The whole front of it is one mass of intricate carving, and many small statues adorn the front. Coming home, three times we had trouble but each time Emile after much labor managed to fix it. It was a burned filament. Going to Louvain we accompanied Baron de Carter the Belgian ambassador who followed in his car with Gaddy. We got home late in the afternoon and nothing more important happened.

July 13 -

I went again to the Museum with Mother and we did some shopping, getting me a very pretty dress. Our time

is very valuable, and we are very busy. We never have a minute to spare. We are going on a trip to Bruges on Friday. I think we leave for Switzerland on Sunday or Monday. My birthday is coming soon.

July 14-

More dinner. I took Mother to the Museum of modern art. She enjoyed it very much. Especially she liked the Braekmans and Stevens. I did too.

July 15. Tomorrow is my birthday. I will be fifteen. Mother bought some lovely fruit and she tells me I am going to have a lovely new pink party dress. She went to Ghent and another town to

nt

see how the insane and the criminals of Belgium were taken care of. She says it was very interesting. I sat in the home and read most of the time.

Daddy went to a lunch and then to the senate to hear the debt question discussed. He came home at half past four and took me to the best place in town for tea. Waltham.

July 16 - Thursday.

My Birthday! I woke up and ran into Mother's room. I was very ~~to~~ surprised to see many presents waiting for me. Cologne, candy, four boxes, paper cutter, gloves, a silk slip, and this beautiful book. I have

written everything up to Today from memory. We had wonderful plums and grapes for breakfast that mother got. I adore my presents. They are all very lovely. The gloves are tan kid. I went to the dressmakers and saw the model and material for my new pink party dress. It is very lovely. It has shirring in the front and dropping ornamental pockets embroidered in pastel shades. Mother had a telegram saying the queen wished to see her at two thirty. So we had to rush and buy a grey hat and gloves. We had a lunch coming on and very many things to do. We finally got them and then

not having time, we had to cut an
 appointment. We flew home
 and got dressed for lunch. It
 was given by Mr. Franki
 in our honor. I had to sit at a
 separate table and take care of
 two little boys. They were
 cunning but mischievous, and
 could not speak a word of
 English. I got along as well as I
 could with my French; and
 after dinner I amused them and
 rode them up and down in the
 elevator. Giving them some
 candy from a box I cut my
 finger, but not very badly.
 Mother went off in a rush
 to see the Queen. She got
 back and told us all about
 it. Mother and Baddy went
 out to dinner to the Shalers

but I stayed at home. Daddy got a telegram which makes it necessary for us to hurry our plans. I went and had a fitting for my new dress. Tomorrow we go on a motor trip to Bruges. I had a very happy birthday.

Mother brought me some lovely flowers from Ghent. Small Carnations and Wallias. The servants and concierge in this house are all very nice and obliging. I will be sorry to leave.

July 17.

Oh what a trip we had today. Twelve hours, of which we rode nine. We left with Emily at half past eight in the morning and took the road out of Brussels for Gent. The country passed through was very

beautiful. A flat slightly rolling
 country with not a solitary patch
 left ~~un~~ uncultivated. We
 passed through many little villages
 made of tiny low houses made
 of whitewashed bricks, which
 generally looked gray and, and had
 redish tiles on the low roofs which
 composed most of the houses. The
 roads are paved with cobblesstones,
 and are ~~now~~ too smooth. It is
 remarkable how the nuts and screws
 on the car stay together under
 that continuous jolting. Though there
 are occasionally comparatively smooth
 stretches. At Gent we saw the
 wonderful old Chateau - Fortrens which
 was once the residence of the
 Counts of Flanders who ruled the
 Low Countries. It is a wonderful
 old pile of grey-black stone, and

is one mass of towers and turrets. In the center of Gent a whole cluster of great big old fortresses, cathedrals, and ancient Town Halls rise up topped by many high Towers. It is like going into an old medieval city. Bruges, where we went next is called the Venice of the North. It too has its old buildings and towers, and a maze of canals runs through it. From a distance, approaching Bruges you can see the Towers, and people generally cry out - "Oh - see the Towers of Bruges!" We went on to Zoute to have lunch with Mr. Whitlock our ambassador to Belgium during the war. Zoute is a resort on the north coast of Belgium. It is not very large, but extremely attractive. It is right on the beach.

Leaving Zante at half past three P. M.
 we set out for Bruges. Here we got
 down from the car and hired a
 motor boat to go on the canals. It
 was awfully interesting, and we
 went under many low arched ~~buildings~~
 bridges. The old stone castles and
 houses rose right up out of the canals
 as in Venice. We also saw the
 famous collection of Munking's
 paintings in the Hospital St. ~~Jac.~~ Jac.
 Coming home we crossed a canal and
 a river very wide and stretching
 for miles in either direction as straight
 as an arrow. It was truly beautiful.
 We got back to Brussels at
 half past eight - just as it began
 to rain.

July 18 -

I had the last fitting of my
 new party dress. It is very pretty.

We did many errands as it is a holiday from this afternoon till Tuesday. We leave Monday morning. We will have to get up at five o'clock.

Besides many errands I saw nothing interesting except at the Grand Place where they were preparing for the National holiday by hanging out many beautiful banners.

July 19 -

The trip was long and dusty. Twelve hours of steady riding in the most dusty and dirty train I have ever been in. I was good and glad when we pulled into Basel. We passed through a part of Belgium, then the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg which is a very interesting little country.

It is ruled over by a Grand
 Duchess. It is very small but
 also quite prosperous. Then we
 passed through Alsace and Lorraine
 and finally crossed the border to
 Switzerland. Basel is a very nice
 clean wholesome city. We went
 to a nice large hotel just across
 the square from the Station.

July 20 -

We stayed in bed late in
 the morning and then took the 12
 train for Geneva; after having
 purchased a few things to eat on
 the train. The train was cleaner
 and better than the one on the day
 before. The trip to Geneva is
 five hours and a half. Of course
 I admire swiss scenery more than
 any other. We went through very
 mountainous country, with three

cumbering swiss houses with
 their overhanging eaves. All of a
 sudden we came on the
 lake and it was truly a wonderful
 sight. A deep blue, a trifle
 misty, and bordered by high
 hills sloping up directly from the
 edge, behind which the high
 rugged snow covered alps could
 be seen among the clouds.
 We were ~~way up~~ on one side.
 Looking down you could see the
 lovely little towns situated on
 bits of land extending into
 the lake the slopes were one
 mass of terraced vineyards.
 reminding me of Italy. ~~the~~

the Hotel Bellevue. We found
 Geneva in the throes of an annual
 fête. The city was one blaze of
 gorgeous banners. And the lake
 was too beautiful. At night
 the whole lake was surrounded
 by lanterns. Crowds lined
 the shores and breakwaters. All
 the boats were gayly decorated.
 Then came fireworks. Great
 rockets shot hundreds of feet
 into the air bursting into huge
 showers of colored stars and
 into magnificent symmetrical
 patterns. ~~The~~ The most remarkable
 fixed pieces I have ever seen
 were set off. Veritable
 fountains of liquid brilliant
 varicolored fire. It was
 too beautiful.

July 21.

I idled around the hotel in the morning. I went to lunch with Aunt Ethel Bullard in her lovely apartment and afterward we went shopping. I bought a lovely wrist watch. We went and called on Mrs. Wetmore in her lovely villa by the lake. All this was done in Aunt Ethel's charming little Citroën which she had just bought.

July 22. My new wrist watch came in the morning. In the afternoon I took Mother to see the place and I had my monogram put on it. We also bought candy and cakes and looked over the town. It is very beautiful here with the lake and

The wonderful Alps. Mother and Taddy went out to dinner and I had supper alone in the hotel.

July 23 Thursday

Nothing particular happened. I have not yet gone on a rowing trip. But Taddy said maybe Sunday.

July 24. I went to lunch with Aunt Ethel and we went shopping in her Citroen afterwards. She bought a lovely evening dress. We all had dinner in the hotel and then we went for a walk along the quay. I showed Taddy where Geneva's swans are kept. There are 24 white ones, and two black ones. Bern has the bears, and Geneva has the swans. They are very beautiful. The initials on my watch are lovely, and I wound it for the first time.

July 25.

It was raining hard this morning and I did not go out early. I wrote some letters.

We all had lunch in the hotel; and went to tea in the afternoon to Mr. Oprskis - the Russian delegate to the League of Nations.

July 26. We visited Monthat the place where I am to go to school this winter. The situation is very beautiful. The town is on the large lake across which can be seen the Bern - Oberland and eight peaks of the high Alps. The town itself is very old and picturesque; but somewhat dull and not exactly the place of fashion. Nevertheless I think I will enjoy my winter there. The pension is quite small but very neat and clean.

July 27.

In the morning we attended the meeting of the League of Nations committee on International Intellectual Cooperation of which Baddy is a member. They had a nice big room and it was very business-like and amiable. I heard several speeches and heard the interpreter translate them. Among those men of different countries that I saw on the committee I saw Mr. Einstein of the theory. His expression seemed to say that he was thinking about a billion miles away. He was very alert but his eyes continually rolled and snapped at the ceiling, and often he would gaze out of the window as if he was thinking about planets or fourth dimensions or some such thing. Afterwards we

met Aunt Ethel and I bought some postcards. I have been keeping up quite a correspondence since I have been over here. Daddy went out to luncheon to some member of the committee and mother and I had lunch alone in the hotel. Madame Petu the wife of the Swiss minister to the United States whom we know very well sent me a nice box of Swiss chocolates. The clouds have not yet cleared away from across the lake and Mount Blanc remains hidden from view. But in a few days we will go to some nice quiet place near the mountains to rest until my school opens and Daddy has to travel again. In the afternoon Daddy and I went rowing out on the lake. It was lots of fun and we saw many interesting things.

Mother and I took a Monette and went to see the monument to Calvin in the Geneva University grounds. We all had dinner in the hotel. The monument is a long wall of sandstone on which stand out statues of Calvin and his colleagues and then many others carvings and engravings representing important events concerning him and his religion. The whole is overhung by trees and all along the length at the foot is a pool with water-lilies.

July 28

I went on a lovely motor-trip down the lake with Aunt Ethel and Mother. The day was gorgeous and the view of Mont Blanc and the Mont Blanc Chain was stunning. At noon we had luncheon at a little restaurant on the lake. That night we went

for dinner at Aunt Ethel's, and had a very good time. On our drive we visited the Chateau of Madame de Staël. It was very beautiful and contained many interesting relics. Some of the rooms were furnished just as they were so long ago, with the most exquisite Louis 15-16 furniture. The library was filled with wonderful old leather covered volumes in rows three deep reaching to the ceiling.



Château de Coppet, construit en 1257 par Pierre de Savoie — Ancienne Résidence de Madame de Staël



chambre à coucher de Madame Récamier

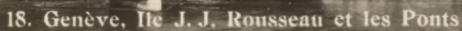
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Mme de Staël à 14 ans

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Carmontelle.



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124. - GENÈVE - Eglise du Sacré-Cœur



P 30



2612. - Neuchâtel. - Château et Collégiale



106. Genève, Quai des Eaux Vives

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11. Genève, Vue générale et les Ponts

D. 30



8. GENÈVE. QUAI DU MONT BLANC ET KURSAAL

A. 30



123. GENÈVE. Ile Rousseau

A. 30



Genève - Rade et jet d'eau

R. 30



121 - GENÈVE - Ile Rousseau

R. 30

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12. Genève, Le Jet d'Eau et les Jetées

P. 30



4. Genève, Vue Générale depuis Cologny

n. 30



Lac Léman — Leur passe-temps. 30

Barque du Léman.





104. Genève, Le Mont Blanc



125. GENÈVE - Mon Repos



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7160. - GENÈVE. - Monument aux Français de Genève
et aux volontaires Suisses morts pour la France

1220

129. GENÈVE - Monument National



68. GENÈVE - LA JONCTION DE L'ARVE ET DU RHÔNE

1230

July 29.

In the morning I went about the town or rather city myself. I frequently took the convenient monettes which run every two or three minutes. They are small motor launches which cross over from side to side ~~on the~~ ~~end of the~~ between the two quays and under and parallel with the bridges. Instead of walking across a bridge or taking a tramcar you have a delightful little ride in a ~~monette~~ monette. After lunch I did the same. In the afternoon Aunt Ethel took me for a ride to a heavenly old chateau where the Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon used to live. At night Mother and Daddy went out for dinner and I had mine alone in the hotel. The view of the lake and

Mont Blanc at Sunset was superb. The lake was ^{all} yellows and pale golds and pale green and a faint bit of blue in places, slowly fading into a rosy gold until the lake was really rose tinted with gold. It hardly looked like a lake. Mont Blanc covered with snow & was a magnificent rose.

July 30-

The time goes so fast - Tomorrow will be the last day of July. Early this morning I looked out of my window only to be greeted by a flash of lightning, a crash of thunder and a glimpse of a dense blanket of ugly black cloud mixed with pouring rain that sent me scurrying back to bed. The change in the weather from yesterday is almost unbelievable.

The morning was very dark and grey, raining off and on, and occasional thunder squalls. The lake was grey and dreary, the mountains hidden by clouds, the air heavy, and the whole business altogether very depressing. A dressmaker came this morning to take my measure. I spent a while on this book, while mother worked in the next room. Daddy goes to the League of Nations every morning, but he says he hopes the meetings will be over today. We are going away very soon. I have written another letter to a friend. Mother and Daddy went out to lunch again and I had lunch home in the Hotel. In the early afternoon I went over my trunks and repacked. It's still grey and raining. Nothing

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seems to turn up to do. But Daddy finally came home from the League and announced that we were going to Ariana despite the weather. But a faint trickle of sunlight seemed to penetrate the clouds and a magnificent double rainbow came out. That decided it, and off we went. Ariana is a wonderful botanical garden, half of which is given up to a most interesting and fascinating arrangement of Alpine plants brought down from all the mountains of Europe and planted in suitable rock gardens. From the Himalayas and Tibet and from the Orient etc. Of course the most beautiful and conspicuous place is given to Alpine plants of Switzerland. You walk on paths that lead through a maze of

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lovely rock formations out of which
spring pine trees, lovely flowers
that grow on rocks, sun plants,
delicate little flora, and rock
fringe, a mass of lovely ferns,
and tiny creeping carpets and
mosses mixed with cunning
little rare mountain plants.

All duly labeled. A little
stream rushes out of some
rocks forming falls and a
pool around and behind which
these delicate little ferns that
live on moisture grow. Also
dry cactus like plants and many
others. Each mountain range
has its garden. The trip
there and back, ten minutes in
a cunning midget is most
delightful. On the next page
is the Building of Arizona but

unfortunately not the gardens.

The other half of the garden is merely a variety of different plants set in rows and labeled, mixed with different trees. This is also very interesting though.



139 GENEVE - L'Ariana

1. 59

Genus

Aconitum

Flower from garden of Ariana

July 31. 1925

In the morning I had my hair washed and then went out to make another tour of the town. I again took the motorette which is so much fun. We all had lunch in the Hotel. Then I went out again to buy some flowers for Mr. Badenewski whom I went to see at night. We took a car and left the Hotel at 7 o'clock. It is thirty miles to Ulm and on the way we stopped to see the Swiss minister to U.S. We stayed only a minute, but Madame Peter promised to send me something for school. We went very slowly through some

beautiful country. It was raining
and the sky overcast. A heavy mist
was over the lake and the mountain
ranges beyond. We could see little
lights twinkling across the lake where
the villages were. We got to Mr.

Paderewski's villa at about 9 o'clock.
It was gaily decorated and lighted.
The garden was hung with lanterns
and lighted ornaments some with
I. I. P. on them. The villa is quite
large. There were many cars. We
got out and walked up. Mr. P. was
himself at the door we talked a
moment and then went inside. They
had some incense burning and
there were many Chinese hangings
on the walls. The stair way was
banked with flowers and the house
brilliantly lighted. The guests were
gathered in two rooms. After a while

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there were fireworks in the garden
ending with a magnificent set piece
with T. J. P. in the middle and
bursts of flame revolving around it.
A great burst of applause greeted this.
There were rockets and bombs and
lovely revolving wheels, whizzers,
and wigglers and all the rest. Then
people dressed up in lovely polka
costumes sang and danced. Then
there was a long list of jokes and
toy symphonies made up of the
most horrible kitchen implements.
The climax was reached when
all the awful instruments were
going at once. Time was
beaten out by a man crashing
china and flowerpots in a barrel,
typewriters, cowbells, pots pans
etc. It was too funny. All
those taking part in it were

great musicians which is very funny.

Then were clowns and costumed people a large dog with electric light eyes and goodness knows what not. Then there were long tables lavishly covered with masterpieces as far as beautiful, expensive and wonderful food was concerned. Huge lobsters, exquisitely garnished chickens, all manner of punches, wines and iced champagnes. Cakes, sandwiches, candies, salads, soups and every thing imaginable heaped high up on the tables. I never have seen a more lavish display or an entertainment done on so grand a scale. I touched glasses with Mr. P. and then we had to go it was 11.30 and we wouldn't be home

till 1. Mrs. P. was dressed in
 cloth of gold with many jewels.
 I never have seen such a riot of
 color and so many magnificent
 stunts and entertainments. The
 ride home was very beautiful. We
 had a big powerful car and
 made very good time. The rain
 came down in sheets and the
 sky was black except for
 streaks of silver grey marking
 the openings in the storm clouds.
 Across the lake and down the
 lights of Geneva were a wonderful
 sight. The roads are black as
 night - no lighting you see. An
 express passed us with all the
 lighted cars. If one car
 meets another on a road at
 night, it must signal by turning
 lights down, then brilliant then down

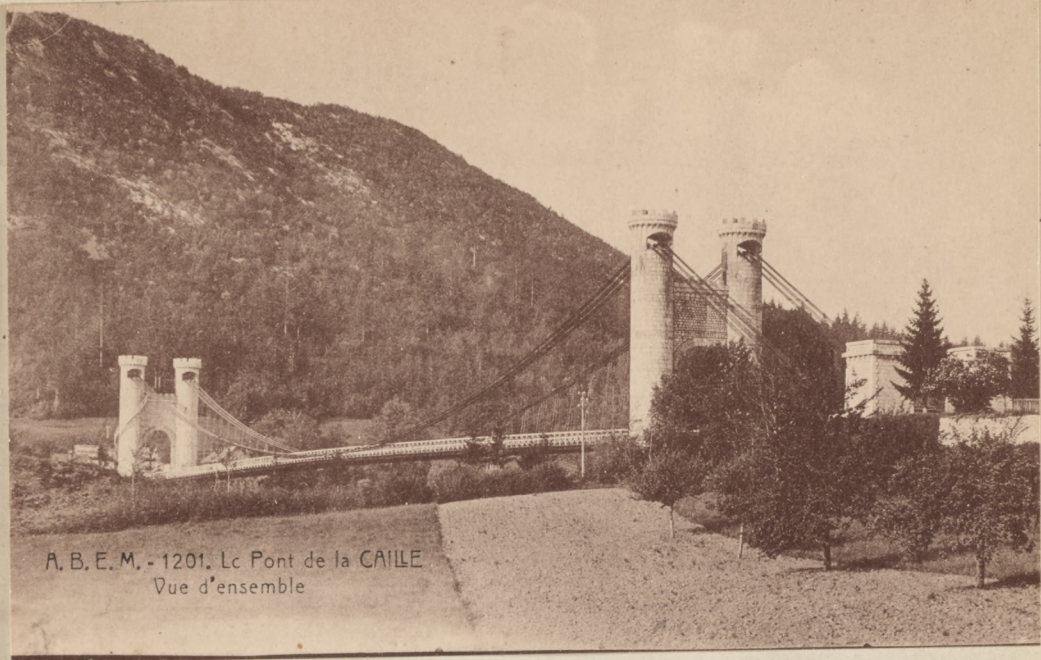
60

until passing. It was very interesting
Saturday August 1.

I had to get up and have
a fitting with the dressmaker despite
the fact I was sleepy from the
night before. Mother and Daddy
went out for lunch and I had
mine alone. I thought nothing
would turn up to do. I rested
the whole day. ^{Sunday Aug. 2} ~~Sat~~ About

6 o'clock ^{P.M.} Aunt Ethel telephoned
that she and Uncle Arthur were
back and would we come over
and see them before we ~~at~~ left.
So we went over to their charming
little apartment after dinner and
had a nice long talk about their
trip and our coming one. We left
quite late and said goodbye.

Tomorrow we go to Salloires
on the Lac d'Annecy.



A. B. E. M. - 1201. Le Pont de la CAILLE
Vue d'ensemble

Monday Aug. 3. The morning was spent in packing, and at four in the afternoon the car came for us. We had the same car and chauffeur that we took to Illoger. The weather was superb, and after everything was duly packed away we started off. We went in the opposite direction from the lake headed for France and the Haute Savoie. We passed over the bridge shown above.

12

We climbed up out of the valley, on the side of a stony ridge until we reached the french border. After having passed the customs we went up and up till on a time we looked back and saw the whole valley stretched behind us bordered by high ridges far down Lake Geneva - a lovely sight. Everything was so fresh and green even in August. So different from our brown California fields and hills. The bridge built by Charles Albert spans a very deep narrow gorge. The bridge is naturally a suspension bridge. A railroad is being built from Geneva to Avey. Part of it we passed under construction. Further on rather high mountains topped by numerous massive fingers of sheer rocks announced

our approach to the lake of Annecy.
 We descended a bit and there it
 was. Not very big and down in
 a sort of cove or cup narrowing
 into a gorge at the farther end.
 The town of Annecy is very old
 and picturesque - situated
 at the largest and flattest
 end of the lake. Narrow streets
 and long arcades flanked by
 the most adorable looking little
 shops. We went around the lake
 to Gallions near the steeper end.
 It's in a little cove on the
 so called Petit Lac or small
 end. Mountains rise abruptly
 behind it topped with three
 bare rock precipices. We saw
 the lake steamer in the wharf.
 We went straight to the Hotel
 de l'Abbaye, an old monastery

now converted into a hotel. It retains its cloister and nice stone arches and corridors but in cold weather it is chilly and gloomy. It is right on the lake with boats and fishing tackle for rent. We had supper and then climbed in bed for a good rest.

LOIRES. — Le Petit Lac — LL



Berne, le 5 janvier 1900

Ma chérie,

C'est-ce pas, mon
cadeau de Noël vient un peu tard!
Mais, je te prie, ne sois pas fâchée,
ou ne pouvais absolument
pas faire imprimer les cartes
avant les fêtes! L'espère
qu'elles sont justes, et
que l'écriture te plaît.

Merci pour le téléphon
de ce matin. C'était vraiment
horrible! (Dégoûtant!!!) Je ne
comprendrais pas un mot
il faisait un bruit dans

ce téléphone, ce n'est pas
à dire! Moi aussi, je pensais
"quel horreur! Se regrette
vraiment de ne pas avoir
pu parler avec toi!
J'espère que ça allait mieux
avec Tudi.

Tu es maintenant
à Stuchâtel? Est-ce que
vous avez eu beaucoup de
neige & à Gstaad?

Se pense que tu as
beaucoup, beaucoup écrit,



et que tu n'as plus de
papier! Cela c'est maintenant
très léger, tu peux écrire
au moins 5 feuilles pour
20 grammes!

Salut, ma chérie,
au revoir bientôt!

Mes meilleures salutations
et bon voeux pour la
nouvelle année

Ta Lisbeth

now converted into a hotel. It retains its cloister and nice stone arches and corridors but in cold weather it is chilly and gloomy. It is right on the lake with boats and fishing tackle for rent. We had supper and then climbed in bed for a good rest.

LOIRES. — Le Petit Lac — LL





1105. - LAC d'ANNEY (Hte-Savoie). - Au Port de Talloires

1.63



226 Environs d'Annecy - TALLOIRES -

PARIOT, PHOT., ANNECY



1059. - LAC d'ANNECY (H) Talloires et le Petit Lac

Delag.

Tuesday August 4.

We woke up late in the morning and had breakfast in the cloister around the courtyard. Our rooms are very nice. Large and high ceilings with nice old furniture and gay wall paper. We went rowing in the morning and got caught in a kind of squall. I am sure we are going to become regular wharf rats hanging off the wharf waiting for boats to come in for something to do and look at. It is too funny. The morning boat unloads all sorts of things, supplies for the hotels, vegetables and laundry etc. In the afternoon Mother and I took the boat and went to Amneay. The ride was quite long but it was worth it to get there. The town is really too wonderful.

We went into many shops and bought a jersey, arranged to have an umbrella covered, bought some perfume and absolutely gorged in the most delicious patisserie. After having consumed cakes and ices etc. we purchased some to take home. After a very nice afternoon, and a visit to the post office and markets we took the six o'clock boat home. In the night there was some of awful lightning and thunder, which with the aid of the cakes I had eaten managed to keep me awake -

August 5-

Consequently I slept until eleven the next morning we had lunch and rested afterwards for a long time. I watched some people fishing in the lake and

they did catch some. I am
just dying to fish. In the
afternoon we all three started
out to climb up a mountain
rising from the lake in order
to get a view. Mother did not
go far however, and Taddy and
I continued our way alone. A
steep path led up through lovely
thickets and meadows to the top
where we got a wonderful view of
the lake, blue as sapphire, and
surrounded by mountains, lying
like a map below us. Little
boats dotted its surface.

We picked some flowers, among
which were the following —



August 6-

In the morning we all went to Amuey to do some more shopping. In the afternoon we went for a long row over to a submerged island on which was found evidence of the life in the Bronze age. I received two nice letters, one from Jean Purcell a classmate in H.A.S. and one from Cynthia Davis the same. I was delighted to get them as it showed they hadn't forgotten me.

August 7-

In the afternoon I went fishing in a rowboat, and after sitting hours in the burning sun gave it up as fruitless.

August 8-

Spent the morning fishing,

with (as usual) no luck. I got a very nice, long letter from Victoria Tytus, which I was very glad to receive. I rested all afternoon and after dinner we explored the nice old garden of the abbaye. It was surrounded with a beautiful old 18th century wall, and all along the front was fine old vine arbor. There were many beds of flowers and big trees.

August 9. I fished most all the day with no success, and in the afternoon wrote letters.

August 10.

Fished all morning with no success. Had a wonderful lobster for lunch which Daddy had ordered as a surprise. In the afternoon we all went to Thunp just across the lake. We found it very

unattractive. Entirely too much noise, and right on the main road. Certainly no place to rest.

August 11 Tuesday

We went to Amey in the morning and did a great deal of shopping. We got Daddy's secretary a lovely leather handbag worked in gold leaf. It was raining when we went to our last rendezvous which was a usual supply the perfectly marvellous treasure. Their cakes and candies are really wonderful. We invested highly and then went to catch the Mont-Blanc train. We got back just in time - all afternoon it poured.

August 12 -

I fished all day and caught

my looks for smaller ones, but all to no purpose. Mother went to Ameyⁱⁿ the afternoon, and as usual went to Guffray and bought some delicious cakes and candy to bring home.

August 13 — Nothing of importance.

August 14.

In the morning Daddy and I rowed over to a grotto in the side of the cliffs of the Roche Clère. It is just around the point of the Roche by the Bay of Falloues. The grotto is high and narrow and cuts into a practically sheer cliff. The rock formation falls almost perpendicularly into the lake for a few hundred feet. Above that the Roche becomes

wooded and continued in slopes to the summit. The lake steamer came around and we had a pleasant rocking in its wake. Looking down the view of Glets de Peufar, and La Tournette, Semnoz and not to mention the whole chain was very beautiful. It was bright and sunny and we idled

2d. Cours de Vacances 1925

B. P. F. 10.—

École supérieure de Commerce de Neuchâtel

Reçu de M^{lle} Jane Keller Kellogg,

pour taxe d'inscription la somme

de

DIX Francs

dont quittance.

Neuchâtel, le

29 aout

1925

Le Directeur:

ÉCOLE SUPÉRIEURE DE COMMERCE

The picture shows the large black and white Saint Bernard who belongs to the Hotel. We rested in the afternoon.

August 15-

In the morning Baddy and I took a boat and rowed down the Lake for quite away. We fished in a good place where

came in, and caught seven fish.

We caught more if we fished longer, but we had no time.

The bottom is quite swiftly after, and the stream flows through thick

low bushes with a few weeds grow

near the mouth. It is a good place and had not

uchâtel

Nº 2942

B.

me

teur: Co. Berger.

wooded and continued in lakes
to the summit. The lake steamer
came around and we had a pleasant
rocking in its wake. Looking down
the view of Dents de Peufar,
and La Fourchette, Semnoz and
not to mention the whole chain
was very beautiful. It was
bright and sunny and we idled
for some time enjoying

Calga
Dorin Thugentabler

The picture shows the large black and white Saint Bernard who belongs to the Hotel. We rested in the afternoon.

August 15-

In the morning Baddy and I took a boat and rowed down the Lake for quite away. We fished in a good place where a stream came in, and consequently caught seven fish. We could have caught more if we had stayed longer, but we didn't have time. The bottom shelved off quite swiftly after a little bay, and the stream wound down through thick grasses and low bushes with a few trees. Some weeds grew in the water near the mouth. It was an ideal place and hadn't

been fished much. We got home
 late for lunch. We rowed hard
 all the way back, and the last
 stretch we fairly flew over nearly
 breaking ~~our~~ ~~back~~, raising the
 France around the Salloines Port. ~~and~~
 The France is the biggest steamer on
 the lake and we didn't want to
 be squeezed between it and the
 shore. Its' wake is so big. The
 chef cooked our fish for dinner.
 We took some pictures in the afternoon
 which I will have developed when I
 get to Menclat. We all had
 dinner in the closter. The view
 into the old courtyard is lovely,
 through a mass of hanging ~~up~~
 vines, to the ancient stone
 well all overgrown with roses,
 near flowerbeds and nice
 old stone walls.

August 20 - Neuchâtel at last.

Reports
sent by V.K.
says Mrs Kellogg
is in Europe & is
unable to accept but in-
taken

M^{rs} Price Whitaker

requests the pleasure of

Miss Kellogg's company
at the Metropolitan Club Annex

Wednesday, December the twenty-third

from eight thirty to twelve o'clock

for Miss Katharine Whitaker

R.S.V.P.
2400 Sixteenth Street

Dancing

I never have time to write in this book regularly so there will only be extracts. My room-mate is very nice and we have a very nice room with excellent view. The mountains are very rarely seen, but when they are they are certainly magnificent. All



J. 8344. - NEUCHÂTEL. - Ecole de Commerce



6579 Neuchâtel Collèges des jeunes filles

I took a cours de vacances in order to help
 the french a little before entering school.
 I have a very interesting professor. M^r. Poret.
 He is a savant and something of a
 philosopher with a great sense of humor.
 He loves to discuss different subjects
 in class - varying from Republics and
 civilization to trout fishing in the
 Lake of Neuchâtel. The Mademoiselles
 are very nice but I like M^{lle} Julia
 better than M^{lle} Ida. Then we also
 have a young teacher who takes
 us on promenades and courses -
 Mademoiselle Wyp. She is quite the
 Swiss type and corresponds to
 Miss Nicoll of Bolton. Arns. I am
 going to have a lot to do this
 winter and hope to learn a good
 deal. Though I will go to back
 to America with pleasure.
 I paid a visit to Geneva.



J. 8344. - NEUCHÂTEL. - Ecole de Commerce

Dear Anne Carter.

This is just to show
you where I am now
climbing the steps of
learning - I am on the
imposing edifice on
the extreme right, and
imagines me attending
a lecture. Also note
the quaint Swiss
costumes in foreground!

This is just to amuse
you - God wishes
and lots of love - Jean

Phototypic Co., Neuchâtel

Miss Anne Carter Greene
2625 Connecticut Ave.

Washington D.C.

Etats-Unis d'Amérique

I took a cours de vacances in order to help
 the french a little before entering school.
 I have a very interesting professor. M. Porat.
 He is a savant and something of a
 philosopher with a great sense of humor.
 He loves to discuss different subjects
 in class - varying from Republics and
 civilization to trout fishing in the
 Lake of Neuchâtel. The Mademoiselles
 are very nice but I like Mlle Julia
 better than Mlle Ida. Then we also
 have a young teacher who takes
 us on promenades and courses -
 Mademoiselle Wyss - She is quite the
 Swiss type and corresponds to
 Miss Nicoll of Bolton. Arns. I am
 going to have a lot to do this
 winter and hope to learn a good
 deal. Though I will go to back
 to America with pleasure.
 I paid a visit to Geneva.

in order to attend the session of the
League of Nations on September -
10 - 11 - 12 - 13. The
session was held in the Salle
de la reformation. A large,
ugly hall with wooden galleries
and no decorations. The whole
thing most democratic. Much
more so than I had expected.
There was a raised dias and the
President Mr. Dandurand of Canada
sat there with his interpreter and
secretary. Then the ground floor
was divided for delegations. The
first gallery on either side was for
the press. I heard respectively speak -
Mr. Metta - Switzerland, Mr. Stupinski,
Poland, Mr. Chao Hsin Chee, China,
Mr. Moliuteh Norway -
Netherlands, Colombia, France
Mr. Boucours, Chili - Persia.

Saw - Spain, Abyssinia, ~~Mr.~~ Mr.
Nansen, the great Norwegian explorer -
Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Cecil, Japan
Count Ishi - and others. I met
Mr. Nitobi. The best address
was that of Mr. Boncompagni who
is a great French orator - In a
wonderful speech he pleaded the
cause of the Protocol against the
Security Pacts - And gave
remarkably logical reasons. Chao Hsin
Chue in the name of China -
asked to have certain treaties
revised. And complained of China's
five % tariff - He also gave
an excellent address. Mr. Carson
presented a five plan for the
protection of Armenian refugees.
Most all talked on the Protocol.
I attended three sessions - I also
saw Mr. Wilson and others -

I went to lunch with Aunt Ethel-
and to a very nice one "chez" her
mother. There I had a nice
talk with Barbara Fairchild.
I came back to Vevey alone.
In Geneva on Sunday I heard
Mr. Fosdick the great American
preacher - address three thousand
people in the great old Cathedral
of Saint Pierre - His address
was magnificent. His subject
was war, Christianity and
nationalism versus internationalism.
A most appropriate subject - As I
said before I returned alone on
Sunday the thirteenth - on the
Basle Express - arriving at
Vevey at eight p.m. - pitch
black and pouring hard - I was
met by Mademoiselle Julia,
Indy and Virginia a very

nice new girl. Trudy was very
glad to see me back. I brought
her two silk handkerchiefs from
Geneva.

Monday September 14 1925.

Tomorrow School begins, and I will
really begin to be busy. On
Thursday we are going with Wyss to
the Ile de Saint Pierre.

Follows the plan of the League of Nations
floor.

École de Commerce eluchs-

Can't find my cousin's
address, but has
written to me



Hotel Schweitzerhof
Bavaria

Darling, I hope
you did not look
for the train
because it went
by Chamonix!



Postkarte
Carte postale
Cartolina postale

Mlle Jeanne Kellogg

15 Parc

Neuchâtel

Suisse

The roommates card-

TRUDY BRAND

photo of Elly
~~from my window~~

École de Commerce d'Anvers

The trip was very quick and easy, only
2 1/2 hrs. and the Paris train is
excellent. Leaves at 11:10^{AM} and arrives at
5:20 P.M. just what I want. If you ever
have to go, you must go this way, if
possible.

I am reporting you back my loved, so
you can read the article on the resolution
of the Belgian manufacturers regarding the
beard debt. They are all right. They believe
he should have accepted the beard tax, as
you will see. I think I think I think I think
then then so wonderful seeing you. My best re-
spects from Ben city!

The roommates card-

TRUDY BRAND

photo ^{of Elly} ~~from my window~~

Card bought at benefit fête for the
Hospital of Neuchâtel -

The fête came off well, and some
of us went to tea with Mademoiselle
Wyss at the Museum. It was
quite gay with music and all.
Betty from our pension was one

of those who sold chocolate etc. for the benefit.
fortune brought at fete follows -



Italy -

June 17- There has been a considerable lapse of time since my last entry, and now school is finished and I am having a real vacation which is nevertheless merited - at least to my mind. I made the trip down from Genchâtil to Florence alone - and after staying here several days with the Parish's Mother and I went down below Rome to Nettuno - to visit the Barone Fascini - prominent Fascist leader - in his wonderful castle on the sea shore there - But on our last day I fell and split my knee open which made it necessary for me to be in the Anglo American Nursing Home in Rome for three weeks and a half - The experience was painful but very enlightening and I am sure it greatly

developed me and broadened my mind.
I had a very nice Italian nurse.
Miss Mary Geydon who used
to help me pass some tedious
times - My doctor was Mussolini's
surgeon - Bastianelli - though I
was mostly treated by his
assistant - Bardinelli -
After this I came back to Florence
by way of Assisi and Perugia -
in which cities I saw many
interesting and beautiful things -
At Rome Prince Castani visited
me at the Hospital and also had
me to tea at his palace. In
Florence I spent a few more days
at the lovely Podereino - and
then Mother and I installed
ourselves in the Berenson villino
at Settignano - Here we have
been ever since and I have been
well except for one attack of

fewer. Mr. Berenson is the greatest
art critic in the world and it
certainly is a great privilege
for me to have free access to his
wonderful library - which is
composed of three huge rooms
piled to the ceiling with books
on every art imaginable -
principally Italian - not to
mention history - science and all
other manner of subjects - Below
the book cases - are filed cupboards
full of photographs of every
known work by every Italian
master - I have learned much of
the history of art there. I am
also studying Italian and really
getting on quite well - We are
sight seeing in Florence and doing
a considerable bit of shopping,
but we still manage to have a
fair amount of leisure time to

Loaf out in this lovely villino -
the country round is really too
beautiful for words - Our house
is situated on the olive and
vine covered slopes above the
little town of Ponte a Mensola
and half-way up to Bracciolata,
the famous castle which was
once owned by our friend the
Baron Fassini - The olives are in
bloom now and the ivory tinted
flowers reflect the rays of
a golden sun as they peep out
from silver leaves - The grain
is ripe and to look between the
rows of trees is a sight for
more than human eyes. The
tall graceful oat stalks wave
their long ears tufted with
green hairs, revealing in the
gaps - scarlet poppies - yellow
daisies - wild peas and every

other wild flower which make
the Tuscan spring famous. The
birds sit in the olive trees and
pour out their heart in liquid
song - while the softest of
white clouds race across a
deep blue sky - the terraces in
back push up the hill in
regular ranks - and their
banners are bushes of yellow
broom - scarlet poppies - and
preposterously big blue clover -
not to mention the war guard
which is usually made up
of hosts of butterflies - We
have been having bad weather but
now I really think the warmer
weather is come to stay - Swallows
are darting as swift as spirits
through the air snatching insects,
and those dashing emerald
lizards ~~are~~ are always flashing

along warm stone walls and disappearing 'neath the ivy leaves - The other day I went for tea to the Baroness Kettler's who owns the Gaubaria, a wonderful villa just above Sittigiano and near the villa where Mother and Daddy were married. The gardens are the most beautiful private ones in Tuscany - and the estate is listed as a National Monument. Wonderful hedges of cypress and tiers of box-ports and old stonework -

From the wall one sees the valley of the arno stretched away and following down the slow, scintillating bronzy green ribbon Florence lies - partly visible through a golden haze that settles about her towers - forming her factory smoke into clouds

that look capable of raining
gold as in the myth of Danae.
In Florence I have seen many
wonderful works of Art - and
never tire of watching
smart frocks and old Doffars
on the Piazza Santa Trinita -
The quaint Ponte Vecchio
with the statue of Benvenuto
Cellini - the goldsmith in the
center seethes with American
tourists - as do every tiny
shop where copper pots are
hammered - or linen embroidered
or the clink of Magolica
suggests a Della Robbia wreath.
I prefer the Italians to any
other people because of their
character - such a finely
shaded nature and a deep
sense of emotion and beauty.
Rome I am most attached

to because of all it taught me, and
Italy itself will always be
my favorite European country -

The evenings out at our villino are
very lovely now that the weather is
warmer. There is usually a
gorgeous sunset, and just now the
moon is but a crescent. The other
night a pale orange crescent rode
on a smoky cloud across a
sky of titian green. The insects
hum in the grass and one hears
the croak of the frogs in the little
creek of Mensola. Far away the
bell of the Duomo - Florence's great
Cathedral sends out its bronzy tone -
and the lights in the valley
shineth their big yellow eyes ever so
sleepily - The grove of tall,
dark, handsome cypresses on
my side of the window house
countless nightingales who serenade

us every evening. Though sometimes
about two in the morning I
wish they might call time off
for a while - at least long enough
to let me go to sleep! But I
really ought to be thankful to
be able to hear them. There are
also many tiny bats who flit
around in the most ridiculous
manner after insects and finally
light upside down under the
wickeria draped eaves. The
gardens here in Italy really are
the most beautiful I have ever
seen. Long alleys of mammoth
cypresses between whose trunks
appear strange stone statues -
lawns traces - pools and
wonderful old walls clothed in
jasmine - The Berensons have
a terraced garden done in the
French manner which is really

stunning - Their house is a warm
golden color which prepares you
for the comfortable, livable
aspect of the inside. Long
corridors are carpeted with soft
plush and lined with low
wall book cases containing books
that are works of art in themselves
on the top are ranged ancient
bubblers - strange scimitar symbols
Chinese jade and Siberian
carving - on the walls priceless
pictures of the primitive Italian
masters look down from a
background of ancient golden
brocades - Green with a bronze
patina which comes only of age -
and magnificent red velvets.
— I have had the privilege to be
in many of these wonderful
Florentine villas among which are
those of Mrs. Lathrop at San

Domenico - Barones Kettler - The
Pambanis - The Berensons - F. Latti -
The Parrish's - Il Podierino and
others -

— June 18

All day in Florence on an endless,
or at least seemingly so - shopping
tour. We made our usual rounds -
Setti Passi - Giannini - Del Bono -
Pirori - American Express - and
the Baker shop - Linin etc - I am
getting a cunning new checked
suit - school skirt - and a lovely
white evening coat. Giannini's is
a wonderful shop and one gets
awfully attracted by those gay
florentine paper designs which
cover so many useful and
delightful things - and the delicate
gold leaf work on fine lathers
makes one wish to carry off the
whole establishment in one's

pocket. Everywhere we went - except in one case the prevailing Italian Temperament prevails - which I so much admire and am fascinated by - At Del Bonio's the young girl who helps the fittings and is a most indispensable creature hops

accomplishing this air of utmost indifference and short black hair - features - but red teeth and big at are apt to

AR La. an cu sa ly br	Piazza Duomo	Conservare il biglietto intesto per presentarlo ad ogni richiesta sotto pena di pagare un altro d'intera corsa, oltre la contravvenzione di L. 2
	Filarocca (Ponte sull' Africo)	
	Fontebuoni	
	Ponte a Mensola	
	Settignano	
	869	18677

Firenze, Stab. Tip. E. Ariani.

throw shooting glances - and to seem swimming is laughter - her little black shop dress cutely caught up with a belt - and above all her Italian way - Lazy yet always quick and a continual stream of

Domenico - Barons Kettler - The
 Gambani - The Berensons - Fatti -
 The Parrishs' Il Poderino and
 others -

June 18

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 whole establishment in one's

P.te a Mensola	Fontebuoni	P.te sull'Africo	Piazza Duomo	Filarocca l'onte sull'Africo
0.65	0.60	0.60	0.50 cassa discesa	Fontebuoni
0.65	0.60	0.65	1.15	Ponte a Mensola
0.65	0.90	1.05	1.36	Settignano

meal rounds -

Del Bono -
 is - and

te - I am
 hooked

ed a lovely
 Fiammini's is

one gets

pocket. Everywhere we went - except in one case the prevailing Italian Temperament prevails - which I so much admire and am fascinated by - At Del Bono's the young girl who helps the fittings and is a most indispensable creature hops around - yet accomplishing this last with an air of utmost and perfect nonchalance and indifference - Short black hair - rather large features - but red lips - fine teeth and big brown eyes that are apt to throw shooting glances - and to seem swimming in laughter - her little black shop dress cutely caught up with a belt - and above all her Italian way - Lazy yet always quick and a continual stream of

staccato yet melodious words -
and the most slight yet
expressive gestures I have ever
seen - Anita - Another type
I have noticed is that of my
nurse at Rome - tall - dark
and beautiful - Aquiline features -
and black hair escaping from
a white nurses cap - and big
eyes of an almost indistinguishable
color - a very dark blue, almost
black - and yet at times grey -
Quiet and with an infinite
amount of sympathy - and
almost childish manners - she was
truly "simpatica" - Tomorrow
if the weather is good we shall
go to Pisa.

June 19 - It did turn out a fine day
and off we went bright and early to
Pisa. The trip of two hours is quite
beautiful - the train following the

Arno most all of the way. The hillsides were covered with wild broom which reflected itself in the still water along with cypresses and occasionally a small plaster house with - naturally - a red tiled roof. In most parts of the river which is very shallow dredging was going on but not as we do it with big steel machines - it being entirely carried on by hand - as also I have seen it done in Florence. Two men stand in a low sort of barge and strain their backs to long poles on the end of which is a spade - and gradually - spadeful by spadeful - the river bed is deepened. The bare legs and arms of the workers are darkly tanned and the lean muscles stand out almost unnaturally. At Pisa we rode out to the Piazza del Duomo and there we were confronted by all our sightseeing within

a few hundred yards. We took a long look at the leaning tower - and entered it last and then entered the gloomy interior of the Duomo - though not without stopping to inspect the lovely bronze doors - which though more primitive than those of the Baptistry here are nevertheless as fascinating - Inside we saw a Del Sarto St. Catherine - Galileo's lamp - and the Giovanni Pisano pulpit - the architecture is rather complicated though really quite beautiful. Thanks to its arched colonnades. Then we crossed to the Baptistry a beautiful building with both exterior and interior perfectly according to my standards. Inside the Nicola Pisano pulpit and the lovely carved marble fountain and altar ^{drawings} took our consideration

for quite a time. Then the guard
demonstrated the echo harmonies
of the place. The building is so
perfectly built that the
slightest ~~was~~ noise is magnified -
many times and given a long
overtone - Here the harmonies were
really too marvellous. Many
interesting details about the
Baptist and Antonianque ways
of Baptism were explained to
us before we left and entered
the Campo Santo. This last is
an old burial ground beautifully
designed around a central
court. High their colonnades of
exquisite white marble run all
the way around and facing them
on the other side of the roofed
corridor effect are the famous
frescoes of Orcagna and Benozzo
Pozzoli - marking an epoch in

painting. Also many glorious
stone sarcophagi - including one
old classical one in which the
mother of Countess Matilda - ruler
of Luscany, was buried - and
from which the older Pisano
St drew his sculptural inspiration -
Huge old chairs from the port
of Pisa and numerous statues
and monuments are here in
profusion. After another long
look at the group of evanescent
buildings we went down to
where the Arno traverses the city
and had tea - then home
by train - finally arriving at our
villa late in the evening - which
certainly was a beautiful one - all the
lights in the valley - under the mirage of
some haze - seemed as if they were
turned of and on very rapidly -
so twinkling was their aspect.

While the cypresses on a far away ridge
showed up an inky black against a
red sky fading to lavender — A
host of fireflies danced in the tall
grass under the olives - and not
a breath stirred - Somehow the
sky striped with soft grey clouds
looked higher than before and the
air was more tracing - The
kind of an evening when you
feel as if you could expand for

an infinite time and space. Some young contadino - girl was singing O sole mio - on the olive covered hillside above us - and only as the Italians can sing it —

June 21 -

Downtown all morning and came home alone with my new coat and skirt which are extremely pretty - My other skirt and jacket are almost finished, and then I shall really be quite fixed for next year. We go to Sicina soon to spend the night and I certainly look forward to it, Daddy is already on the ocean and it won't be long until we shall all be together again and starting for North and home - Today was warmer, giving just a hint of the summer that has remained hidden all this season.

I had my Italian Lesson and
learned a whole stack of ~~new~~
words - rather slangy - as it were.
Tomorrow I may go down town
again though I think I might
rather stay home and rest.

June 22-

Went down town for the afternoon
and finished Pironi's - also had tea
at Doris' - and went to Del
Bono's for a minute with Mother.
Down a little narrow street we
entered a tiny fruit shop - a
very dark narrow place - but out
of the gloom shone the red cheeks
of ripe cherries - the soft fuzzy
green of peaches and a basket
full of emerald cucumbers -
The walls of these ancient
Florentine buildings are very
thick - and the tiny windows was
cut through a two foot thickness.

The window was barred with thick iron gratings from which hung dusty cobwebs - and pieces of straw. From the roof hung dried onions and peppers - Such a fascinating place - Farther on we entered a modern drug store - How wonderfully wise and learned all the neat labeled glass jars looked - gazing down solemnly from their high rows - one after the other - acids, salts, liquids - all once secrets of nature - but since extracted by the hands of men to be turned to the benefit of the human race - The afternoon was very hot and we were right glad to get back to our little villas in the cool shade of a cypress grove.

From our terrace the valley lies under a pall of heat haze — dust and smoke — half obscuring everything — while up here the atmosphere is as clear as sparkling glass — the breeze is soft and balmy and when it blows the olive trees turn up the silver side of their leaves for a view —

June 26 — Our trip to Siena certainly was a success. We got up early in the morning and took the train on the same track as the one to Pisa. The country was much the same — something like California, for now the grain is ripe and golden — and it is not hard to recognize oaks — pines — alders — poplars and other familiar trees along the way. Once arrived we took a carozza, and after passing

through the gate in the old
medieval brick walls we
came to our pension - The
Santa Caterina - named after
the famous saint of that town -
known as receiver of the
stigmata - and chief advisor of
Gregory II. Our first sightseeing
included the Palazzo Pubblico,
with its heavenly tower - said
to be the most beautiful civic
tower in the world. The
building is of brick and
beautifully proportioned - and
situated on a big circular
piazza lined with handsome
buildings - and sloping
towards the center. Here the
paglio is given - the famous
horse race - twice a year
at which all Siena and
countless tourists assist -

Dressed in their best. It is a
wonderful picture of local colour.
But unfortunately we could not
stay and see it - as it was
the 29th of June and 2nd of
August. In the Palazzo itself we
saw wonderful frescoes by
Martini - Lorenzetti and
others - Among these was the
first attempt at representing
civic virtues allegorically.
Also many rooms of state -
containing tapestries and modern
painting. The series of chairs
for priests assisting at mass
was particularly beautiful -
being dark wood beautifully
carved and inlaid with the
same material of an old gold
colour. Our next goal was
reached by climbing up
innumerable stairs and narrow

stony streets lined with little
dark shops — the Duomo.

The edifice is Italian Gothic
but too ornate for my taste.
The black and white stone and
innumerable pillars — carvings
and statues — made it much
too crowded despite the large
dimensions. The tower or
campanile was well proportioned
by but also too fixed up.

Inside Pincherichio's frescoes
and Nicolo Pisano's pulpit
were of especial interest —
though for me the inlaid
marble floor unique of its kind
in the world offered the greatest
attraction. There was also a
funeral plaque of bronze —
a signed Donatello — the altar
was magnificent — and a
wooden crucifixion seemed

almost too lifelike - Just below
the Duomo one passes through
an ancient marble arch and
reaches the baptistry where there
are minor frescoes and a
beautiful baptismal font
by Ghiberti and Donatello.
The Museo Civico - on top of
an adjoining building - contains
the History Making Decree -
Madonna Enthroned with Child
and surrounded by saints -
marvellously conceived and
carried out for that period of
time - There were also some
magnificent priestly vestments -
cut velvets and a few old
sculptures - also a miniature
model of the Duomo and Tower
carried into minute detail.
The Church of San Domenico
is spacious and simple and

contained Sodoma's (Bazzi)
swooning of St. Catherine -
a beautiful fresco. His
depiction of the solicitude and
love of the two supporting
nuns is extremely well done,
and the colours being black
and white - there is no
chance for the awful hues
he employs in his other
frescoes. Some people consider
the attitude in all cases
too affected but I for one do
not find it so. The Piccolomini
Palace is a magnificent structure
in grey stone - on the top floor
of which are the archives of
the Sienese State. This museum
is wonderful and highly valuable.
Strange to say few people know
about it - there are thousands
of records - original Dante

manuscripts, ^{not true} - Bocaccio's will -
Signed Papal Bulls with
seals affixed - Emperors
signatures - a signed manuscript
of Countess Matilda - Saints
great painters contracts - and
ancient parchments and
inscriptions - old prints
of the Pagli - and wonderful
wooden covers of books
designed and illustrated
by prominent Florentine painters.
The Museo of painting -
contains a series of wonderful
paintings covering the Florentine
history of Painting -
extremely valuable. Here are to
be found ancient crucifixions
and madonnas - done before
Cimabue's time - Guccio's -
exquisite Sandro di Pietro's and
innumerable others - some put

in wonderful old gold frames -
tryptics and quintics - made
in the form of ornate gothic
arches - enriched with
images of angels and other
religious beings - The famous
room at the Duomo contains
the frescoes of Pinturicchio -
telling the story of the life
of Piccolomini afterwards
Pius II - The view from
our Pension was lovely -
The next ridge covered with
interesting old brick and stone
houses - and crowned by the
Duomo and Campanile -
Also the civic tower peeps
over the tops of many roofs
farther left. At night we had
a full moon and clouds -
the city looked as it must
have looked in Roman

tunes - truly medieval - with
a hint of an etruscan past.
The Italian children have the
most beautiful f voices I
have ever heard - and the
minute the hot weather
comes on the moon is in
evidence - Nothing can keep
them from singing. Their
notes quiver with the emotion
and character of the race -
and for a minute you think
you prefer that kind of a
people. But the morning after
in the clear cold light of
reality you reflect how they
are only too willing to gain
a few lire one way or another -
and the degenerate conditions
of some of the men. The
distresses - and you feel as
if really our anglo American

stock is good to have has as
a base - provided you have
the privilege of indulging in
the other life occasionally.
We did not visit the house
of St. Catharine as it has
been somewhat spoiled by
changings and adjustments. We
indulged in the famous
Panfotti - the cake specialty
of Sienna and really
awfully good - nuts citron various
etc. The trip home was lovely
the bare hillsides are covered
with wild yellow brown
and the scarlet poppies peep
out from golden grain. I have
just received a book from Mrs.
Parrish who is now in England -
The Seven Ages - by the author of
Downing St. It is a narrative of
the human mind, and very

interesting - though it certainly overturns many of my ideas. too dogmatic -

We spent the day after our trip downtown, going around our usual race course. But things are clearing up quite a bit, and we shall soon prepare for Daddy's arrival. Mrs. Howard and Aunt Daisy arrived in Florence last night, and are staying at the Hotel Italie. We sent Julia down with a note and some flowers, asking them to come to tea today which they probably will. We are also having Miss Frost and Mrs. Babington. Today is Sunday and we shall stay at home, but tomorrow afternoon we must go to town again -

Monday -

We left for town late in the morning, and after doing two or

three errands - included - the American Express where I got two letters - we went to the Hotel Italie to have lunch with Mrs. Howard and Aunt Daisy - Aunt Daisy is coming out here to stay for a while - and although being somewhat inconvenient, we are sure to have a good time - at least I am. Because Mother is not very well and it does not take much to tire her. Daddy ought to be here soon, and it won't be long before we all leave to go South again. After lunch we took Mrs. Howard's car, and after dropping her at Copini's, the silver shop - we went on up to San Miniato. The chief attraction of the place for me was the view of Florence which was truly

superb. And not only Florence was to be seen, but also the plain of the arno - wide and flat to the South, and ever narrowing to the hills to the North - The Church contained some fair mosaics - quite restored, and a very fine tomb of Mino da Fiesole - otherwise I did not see anything worth consideration except some lovely inlaid pavements with animal and bird designs. There is also a cemetery - but quite modern in appearance, though said to date back several centuries.

once downtown again, we went to Del Bonis for a fitting of Mother's new dress. It is really lovely - black and white crepe de chine, and made on a very graceful model.

which Anita cutely termed "in amore
di modelo". In most Italian
stores the salesmen and women are
extremely courteous and polite -
also being interested in any
joke or personal remark or story.
On the whole they are gay, and
with a profound sense of humor.
Here at Del Bono's it is the
same thing - The rather oldish
little dressmaker who comes
gaily in wears her wispy grey
hair done low in back - a
black cotton apron dress, with
a yellow tape measure around
her neck for ornament - She
is most always carrying somebody's
dress of over her arm, and
today she came in - her rather
faded blue eyes waiting for a
glance of approval. Anita the
young girl - or at who at least

looks very young, is the most prominent figure in the list of Del Bono's helpers. She always looks neat - always charms visitors who pronounce her a "case", and if anything ever goes wrong, or something is slow in coming the general password and remedy is

"Don't è Anita?!" Today she appeared her shingled black hair freshly waxed. Her big brown eyes awoke and began explaining many things to us with an Italian manner of gesture which she greatly brightens with her own personal manners. For instance that of narrowing her eyes to long ovals full of lights and shadows - She is always moving never stays anywhere a quiet minute - which

I am afraid most people would consider a drawback. Then there is the little house woman in the Porta Rossa, whose tiny shop is always overflowing with american tourists and Italian - Signore - How she keeps a sweet temper through a day of varied approval and complaints is more than I can understand. I ordered a leather calendar to go with my desk set at Lutti's and though intending to buy some stamps I came home "senza". We had tea at Tony's with Mrs. Fleeming one of our prominent women lecturers, who proved a homely comfortable person, but really intelligent and very interesting.

Tuesday 29.

Most of the morning I spent

cleaning up around my room, and getting done a whole list of things that have been piling up for some time. The good part of the day was comparatively uninteresting minus the lovely view you get every time you set foot out of this villa. Early in the evening Mrs. Howard and Aunt Daisy came out and after a short stay Mrs. Howard went back to the city leaving Aunt Daisy here to spend a while with us. We had a wonderful time talking and joking, and finally very reluctantly decided to go to bed time exact being 10 P.M. - at which moment I am writing this at my desk all ready to go to bed. I have been thinking over my decision of Rome being my favorite city, and really do not consider it as

a just or reasonable one. No
doubt my hospital experience
taught me a great deal, but
that should in no way affect
my opinion of the city - and
I really think considering I
hardly know it as a city I
should take Florence which I
know and feel to be much more
"sympathetic" than the rather
formal capital. There is something
so intimate and central about
Florence where there seems to be
a center of activity - than in
the large cold and distinctly
divided Rome, and also I suppose
you should have one or two
favorites if you were really
broad minded, but as a friend
of mine said, your tastes, likings,
ways of looking at facts
etc. depend largely on yours

state of mind - and in a young person, such a state of mind frequently changes until when one reaches a certain age it crystallizes - usually for the best. As an old french "pensée" says - *Ca coûte chère d'être raisonnable* - *ca coûte la jeunesse* - not always but usually -

July 11 - Quite a time since my last entry, and my birthday already past - 16 years old - it seems very very old too - Well I'm in Geneva again and after one long series of wonderful trips - First from Florence to Venice with Aunt Helen - Mrs. Howard in her "Marmion" - with Burns a fine American chauffeur. I sat in front all the way

and consequently saw much more -
First we went over fields and
tan dusty roads in the
broiling sunshine, then we
climbed and climbed until
on the top we circled around
the crest of those Italian
hills that make San Godeviga
Pass, and wrapped in swirls
of fog and mist we looked
down sheer cañons and
out over tier after tier of
blue hills - here and there
brilliant green patches where
the sun struck the fields -
Then down and before we
knew it we were speeding
over the broad dirt road
on a kind of raised bank
by the side of the river Po.
The country was so flat
that you could see for

miles in any direction - occasional
clumps of trees, and always
the rushing muddy river. We
spent the night in Ravenna
and visited everything of
importance. The mosaics were
gorgeous and the architecture
and old tombs of exceeding
beauty. The tomb of Dante
impresses one greatly, and
the ivory chair in the museum
is almost incredible, its
workmanship is so fine. The
next day we purred away
and made our first stop
at Ferrara where the facade
of the Cathedral, and the
old fortress were the only
important things. Then
Padua and finally we
climbed out of our grey
marmon and stepped into

a motor boat for Venice -
Burns going with us.
Venice of course is too
wonderful for words and
every minute there was
worth an hour. I saw my
Titians, and the Santa Barbara,
as well as Carpaccio's ^{room}
of St. George - Then Colleoni's
statue - which made such a
wonderful impression compared
to Donatello's I saw in Padua -
Also Giotto's frescoes in
Padua were of especial
interest - The Academia
in Venice held us with
its Bellini's and Titians,
and Tintoretto's and Veronese's
frescoes in the glorious Doge's
Palace went hours of study -
St. Marks seemed a
work of fairy hands and

its piazza is surely the most beautiful in the world -

We ascended the campanile and got a remarkable view of the lagoons — The shops are very tempting, and I found it hard to resist the glittering glass ware and lace and feather work so attractively displayed. It was heavenly slipping down the green canals in a gondola, and suddenly shooting out into the Grand, where the British destroyers were lying. The wonderful old palaces of Venetian Gothic, red and white with beautifully worked marble columns lined the shores. We made a short trip to the Lido -

and stood on the sand
with the salt breeze from
the Adriatic blowing in
our faces - the British
sailors and marines were
swarming over the town -
their tropic helmets cocked
on the side with H.M.S.

Royal - staring in gold
letters off a black band on
their white hats. They
walked down St. Marks
as though on board a
battle ship and stopped
to investigate a map of
the British Isles hanging in
the window of the American
Express - One with a
big package under his arm
came out of a head shop,
while the other looked

languidly in the window. Some
with anas belts and ankle
supports walked in squads
down the narrow streets, while
others changed sounds, half
pounds and crowns at Cocks.
In the Doge's Palace Two
Swiss dressed in short
pants and brilliant blue
jackets with heavy socks
and nailed boots made the
ascent of the Palace —
the bridge over the canal
over which the bridge of sighs
keeps watch is constantly
crowded with people, and
the black prison with thick
iron grated windows bears
witness to a terrible past.
The pedestal of the column
of St. Mark is crowded
with loafers and poor

men who have a wonderful
time spent in contemplation
of the ever changing crowd
who wear down the pavements
of St. Marks - from every
country in the world but
principally from the
Western and Northern
world come people as to
a Loadstone - The famous
pigeons are still hungry,
and the public photographers
thrive. Floor seats
several hundred people
every day and the shops
seem to entice the tourists
to such an extent that
you always have to wait to
be waited on. From Venice
we took the train to Milan,
where I saw the glorious
Cathedral, and the

unforgettable 'Last Supper' of
Leonardo — so gripping
even in its ruin. The
Brera contained enough
masterpieces for a study of
months but we had to go
through in a half hour.
Then the long journey through
the Simplon to Geneva where
I am at the Hotel de la Paix
and ready to start out
exploring again.

July 18—

The days here in Geneva are
very lovely, being clear and
warm. The view from my
window in the Hotel de la Paix
is especially fine — the water
of the harbor is a deep blue
green which contrasts with
the slim whiteness of the Lake
steamers which slip in and

out of the breakwaters with no
more noises than the soft
swish of the paddle wheel
and a short warning whistle.
Today is Sunday, and the
boats carry pennants and
a big Swiss flag on the
stem - while a smaller
French one waves at the
bow on a stocky pole. The
beautiful jet d'eau sends up
a column of white
water in fairy fountains that
push one above the other in
their effort to be the first
and highest - to lose themselves
for a moment in the blue
sky and then fall in a
wide mass of ~~starry~~ spray
to mix their waters with
those of the lake. The green
parks along the lake and the

white Mont Blanc ^digge Look very
clean and kept up, while the
Ile de Rousseau offers its
cool shady benches to those
who wish to gaze a moment
on the famous swans of Geneva-
whose pens are just on one side.
At night the yellow lights
make ever changing waves
on the black water and the
lovely lamps on the bridges
make up somewhat for the
too glary appearance of the
electric advertisement signs on
the larger commercial buildings.
Our Hotel is very lovely, and
we have light and airy
rooms on the lake side -
affording a glorious view - at
night we watch the small
lighthouse on the edge of the
breakwater tell us in green

and yellow to be careful - A lighthouse is always wonderful, ever new and thrilling - always reminding you of peril and adventure - One of the most - if not the most - perfect moment of an ocean voyage is the sighting of the lighthouse - such as the famous Scilly Light of England - which Kipling probably had in mind when he said -

"And ~~the~~ ^{while}

"And the Coastwise Lights of England
watch the ships of England go -"
The red and green lights on the boats are the only indications of their existence - so silently they move -

I must go to the dentist tomorrow which is sad - and also to have my hair cut. We go soon to Metchattel to stay

a while, and I shall probably study some there - We will make a few trips to the mountains if possible I hope, for I have not seen them for some time — .

July 19.

The Lake last night was illuminated by the ropes of lights on the bridges - turning the water beneath to a rippling rosy gold - very beautiful to see - Today I must go to the dentist - I do hope there is nothing to fix for once, but I have no hopes - since I judge by past experiences!

July 20

I did visit the dentist and had one small hole filled, and a place marked for careful observation, outside of that there was nothing so I am very relieved. I went last night

to dinner with Aunt Ethel in her new apartment which is extremely lovely. They have a large garden, and rent plants so much a year to put in it which is very strange to my mind. We are enjoying our stay at the hotel very much, but will soon have to leave to go to Vevey - where we will "park" for some time -

Today we are having some showery weather, and fortunately the temperature is a little cooler. The Genevise have really been suffering under the unusual heat here - which is hot for them, but not very bad for us, who have just come from Italy. Daddy goes always to his meetings, and at night sometimes tells us about the days work which is always very interesting. The report was turned over to him and he

is working hard on it. I have left my watch to be gone over at Jackson & Constantine, and will go for it tomorrow morning. This evening we had a most interesting time with Mr. Mauley Hudson, famous professor of International Law, who has been working so hard for the World Court here, there were many good stories told - between the more serious discussions of International questions. Afterwards we took a walk on the quay, and then came in. This evening the band is playing on the lake and I can hear it very well from my balcony - the waters are an inky black tonight owing to the dark clouds overhead - which are very beautiful with silver edges, and golden around the moon. The twelve

double lights on each side of
Mont Blanc bridge send their
yellow reflections onto the
water. The view across is
beautiful and quiet, as Geneva
is fortunately yet an amateur
in large electric signs -

Four slim steamers lie
lost in shadow on the murky
water, and far above the
light on Salve looks like
a huge unblinking planet
so dimly dark are the
outlines of the mountain against
a black sky -

July 21 -

Last evening Mother and I went
for dinner to Aunt Ethel's, and then
all proceeded to the wonderfully
interesting lecture, by the Indian
Dr. Engadineh Bose. His subject
was the unity of life, and

his statements and proofs of the
sensitivity of plants were
extraordinary. His progress in
inventing instruments of the
highest precision for the
measurement of plant signals
is amazing, and was clearly
illustrated by the slides.

Earlier in the afternoon I spent
a few hours with Aunt Ethel
out at the Geneva golf club
which is a lovely place - I
walked over nine holes with
Aunt Ethel, and then after some
red raspberries and orangeade and
cake we watched the Swiss
champions - men and women play
a match or so on the courts. The
playing was brilliant but not
steady - except on the part of
a younger finalist. I met Mrs.
Stanley McCormick from home who.

is the donor of the courts. Today
I have done nothing but loaf so
far. I have my watch again, and
it surely looks a bit more presentable.
— What an evening of all the lovely
ones here at Geneva, to start off
the evening view of Mont Blanc
and her rarely seen chain was just
incredible - so clearly outlined and
such color - the alpine glow first
transformed the great snow fields
to a shining rich gold then
rosier and rosier until the
blenchings of mauve and old
rose were just too wonderful -
And the contrast with the milky
blues of the nearer mountains -
Finally the color faded suddenly
and the famous mountain
became a dead thing - an
ecce ghost in greenish
white - whose tip crowned

for a moment with the glow of life
became as the rest - cold
white and cruel looking. Her
eternal snows took on a fatter
hue - that of danger. hunger
and death - Then as we
were feeling cold and depressed
of a sudden on went the warm
coloured ropes of lights on the
bridges - on went the gay lamps
and the black water was
instantly transformed into an
irradiating burnished gold
scintillation - and the almost
full moon laid her electric
blue wake across the middle.
Dad and I sat for a minute
on the Isle de Rousseau and
found it a delightful place -
far down the lake comes the
steamer - red - green and white
lights marking her course - The

reflection of her green light threw a green as
intense as emerald apple leaves on
the water - marvellous to look at. Geneva
certainly has a unique situation - We
have planned a few future trips to be
taken from Mouchetel - Murren - Wengen
Alp - Lucerne - Rigi - which sound
wonderful. Tomorrow night we go to
dinner with the Whitobis - and Sir
Jagadis Bose and his Lady will be
present. It promises to be very
interesting, and I am looking forward to
it with pleasure. The reflections of
the distant light ropes, resemble
the teeth of a golden comb that
swimming in the jet water.

July 23rd. In the morning I went rowing
for an hour with Mother, and gave
my long neglected muscles something to
do. Later on in the day the Mont
Blanc chain came out wonderfully, and
I tried with little success to draw

and paint her from my balcony. I simply could not get the color - It was so hard to define as one or two colors -

Then that evening we went out to Dr. Mitobi's for dinner. He has a lovely house with garden about twenty minutes out of town with a wonderful view of the lake and the mountains. I have never seen Mont Blanc so well as I did there, the whole massif & was clearly visible - every big rock - every big glacier - the arrangements of the snow-fields -

Then the surrounding chain with the rocky surfaces turned to a Dolomite color by the Alpine glow. The dinner was, contrary to our expectations very large, and I surely thought it was no place for me - But to my great surprise I was on Dr. Mitobi's left at the

end of the table while Lady Bose the
wife of the famous Indian scientist
was on his right. On my left sat
Dance Rachepl a woman prominent in
the society of the League and very
nice - There was also Sir. Gilbert
Murray - Dr. Stroll - Mr. Mauley
Hudson - Sir Jagadis Chandra
Bose, Dr. Scudder - Mrs. Scudder
and others - Dr. Nitobi explained
to me many things about Japan,
while Lady Bose was kind to
talk across to me - She was
magnificently clothed in Hindoo
costume with cloth of gold. and
gold tissue - embroidered in gold
with real gold ornaments on the
shoulders finely worked and the
veil coming over the head - Then
gold bracelets, a gold bag all
worked and golden shoes and
stockings - All this made her

very dark complexion look very fine.
The dinner was wonderful and the
nut-bowls and finger bowls were
of Japanese Lacquer - Many of
the house furnishings such as
screens, pictures and ornaments
were also obviously from the
Orient - The interesting things
about Japan I was told
included an account of the

Emperor's banquet given once a
year to all officials and nobles
numbering about 2000 - all
of which come dressed in gold
chains and glorious robes. The
emperor's cooks of which there
are several hundred - prepare
about 20 dishes for 2000 people -
fish - soup - several kinds of
rice etc. The hot things are
usually eaten and then after
the Emperor has left the room

every one brings out a nice clean cloth and gathers up all the cold things, and tucking them away under their golden robes, look rather furtively at each other, and walk out. The food is, of course, to take home to one's family. It is of course a custom at all banquets in Japan to have a beautiful box neatly packed at each guests place. Also Lady Bose said that in India food was prepared at dinner for the children who have had to stay at home. A favorite Japanese fruit he said is the persimmon, the hickory nut in all forms and the tongue of meat which can be procured after the watermelon seed has been split is also a favorite delicacy. Iris.

crysanthemums - flowering cherries
are national flowers, and the
fall is by far the best season.
The language characters were
copied from the Chinese through
the Korean - though the sound
and intonations and actual
words do not mean the same.
Of course the ^{Japanese} copied from the
Chinese - as they emerged from
Barbarism much earlier -

After dinner his Jagadis came
over and spoke to me a bit
about his work and ideals and
invited me to come today
with Dad and Ueng to his
house this afternoon to see some
new experiments. Lady Bore
also talked to me again, and
I had a word with some
others before we had to leave
at half past ten. The moon is

almost full now and looks lovely
over Mont Blanc.

July 24 - This morning I went shopping
with Aunt Ethel and we stopped a
minute in the Hôtel de Ville - where I
saw the famous Alabama Room where
the first arbitration was carried on -
between the U.S. and Great Britain -
also the first international meeting
of the red cross. There were many
portraits of French Royalty sent as
gifts - all originals - and the
Olon made of sabres - a peace
offering, and the small copy of
the Liberty Bell used to open the
first session of the League - (a
veritable shot at us). There was an
interesting outside stairway, which
wasn't a stair way at all - but
a pebble - paved street offset -
so all corners in the olden
days could ride right up on

horseback or be carried up in their
litters. Parts of the building
date from the 14th century, while
the majority from the 16-17 century.
It is one of the most historic rooms
in Switzerland, and I am glad
Aunt Ethel thought to take me in.

In the afternoon we went at five
o'clock to the Hotel Bellevue to watch
some experiments of Sir Jagadis
Chunder Bose, the greatest living
Indian scientist. Aunt Ethel and
Uncle Arthur came too for part of the
time. One of the small downstairs
rooms in the hotel had been set
apart for Sir Jagadis, and as we
entered his hindon student and
assistant was closing the blinds.
Lady Bose was also downstairs
dressed as before in cloth of gold.
I should imagine her wardrobe
would be a sight for the eyes. We

roles of state must be magnificent.
After we were all settled in chairs -
Dr Jagadish began explaining the
heart of the plant. He said that
the plant in order to be able to
push up the sap from bottom to top
and from side to side had to have
a pulsating ~~pushing~~ movement in
order to act as a blood sender - the
blood being the sap. He has proved
by experiments that the plant has
a heart in its primitive form -
as that for instance in the human
embryo - a long tubelike structure -
which as it becomes more complex
and specialized as in higher
animals and full grown humans
is as we know it to be. He explained
many more things and we witnessed
the experiment which was made
with one of his own wonderful
inventions and showed us the

pulsation and the effect on the plant
heart of stimulants or depressants -
and the same effect on animals.
Also he showed by means of one
experiment the plants own
writing telling of the struggle for
life - the effect of a stimulant -
depression or poison - made
possible by the rise and fall of the
leaf - He has determined that
poison fatal to an animal is
fatal to a plant. That a plant
has a nervous system as in an
animal - that the plant has a
heart - that the plant is very
highly sensitive - discoveries of
the highest importance to the
future - reversing the old ideas
about plants - which are now
known to be "rooted animals". He
has already achieved great
credit with foremost British

scientists, and now 20 years after
having made these discoveries and
travelling around the world three
times he's convincing the world of
their truth. Many favorable
articles have been written about
him, and western scientists are
giving up the cherished idea that
India is the land of unaided
mystics and magics, and that
the west is the only place where
technique is perfected. Sir Jagadis
Coombs technique and creative
imagination. He has an internat-
ional institute at Calcutta which
he gave out of his own private
fortune, and where physiologists
and physicist - chemist and
biologists work side by side - the
world has come to realize that
these men to accomplish a greater
amount must know each

other's service - fortunate that Sir
Jagadis could invent the
test machines for his discoveries.
He believes proof is the essential -
He is so much of a genius that
he sees the end first and then
works backwards. He gave me
an original, unpublished proof
of an experiment with stimulant
to plant and animal - side
by side - the same results. He
uses the Mimosa plant for
nerve tests as it is most sensitive,
and for animal a kind of
fish which lives of a few
hours when out of water -

Sunday -

Today is dull and grey -
and I think we will have
considerable rain. We have no
definite plans, and I'll probably
stay in most of the day.

This afternoon notwithstanding signs of bad weather we went to Morzes to pay a visit to our friends the Paderewski's, who were tró kind, and received us with open arms. He seemed to have recovered well from his illness in America, and was looking quite well. He and Dad had a long talk about the present situation in Poland, and to his mind it is a very pitable one. Mother and I paid a visit to Mrs. P.'s famous chickens - and indeed they proved to be marvellous all kinds from every country - and so clean and well kept up. Gorgeous polish roosters puffing their golden feathers to the utmost limit - Great orange pheasants - large snowy swans.

geese - ducks - bantams - tiny
porcelain like feathered animals -
all in neat cages along a
walk covered with roses and
honeysuckle - She had a
whole little house full of blue
ribbons and diplomas - We
had a delicious tea - there
were as usual many guests, but
we had to catch the return
train to Geneva so we slipped
away early. This evening "La
Suisse" disgorged a crowd of
holidaymakers and a small
band of acadian and
yelling enthusiasts who carried
aloft a tiny red and gold
banner and went singing away
down the street - The Swiss are
Swiss and always will be.
Today the Swiss navy had a
parade - life savers - rowers

• crews of the lake steamers -
clubs and really quite an
array of seamen - Switzerland
has no small amount of
water - I can tell you -
At the station at Morpes an old
lady - all dressed up in her
Canton costume looked like a
shade from the past - A large
flat silvery grey hat - tight
grey bodice and a full skirt -
too amusing - and near her
a crowd of men just come
from some shooting match
talked in loud tones of Swiss
language, ^{of} the victories and
defeats - Some had wreaths
and trophies slung over the
end of their gun - No
wonder the Swiss army is
famous for its sharpshooting -
every good Swiss takes a

pride and delight in his shooting -
and tournaments are always being
held - The army game is used so
they learn without having to join
the army -

(I forget to mention in my
account of Italy my visit to
San Gimignano the famous hill
town of the towers - really too
quaint. There one sees Giorgio
Gozzoli and Ghirlandajo's
Santa Fina chapel - his most
beautiful work. We motored up
and back with Mrs. Mills and
Allan Hoover who with a
friend Allan Campbell, son of
the governor of Arizona are
travelling in Europe - We had
dear Mrs. Lathrop's car. Mrs.
Lathrop has been very good to
me - inviting me to her
lovely party for the Sheldon girls)

The moon is perfectly huge tonight and a deep gold color leaving a greeny gold wake on the water. I have never seen it so big and the black rain clouds around it set it off even more. Sometimes it disappears - sometimes it peeks from a crack in the clouds - and then of a sudden slips into a clear place and dapples our small world with its splendor.

— Monday. In the morning I went to the public s'ance of the first full meeting of the Committee for Intellectual Cooperation. Just before it began Dad introduced me to Mr. Einstein, with whom I had a few pleasant words. He is really not at all gruff. There we saw the Vitobis again and Mr. Hudson and others. The s'ance was not at all

interesting, as to the work because
all we heard was Dr. Loreng's
speech as he opened the
meeting, and he introduced
nothing new into it - but
nevertheless he was very
pleasant - But the interest
lay in seeing there were
assembled there - Dr. Loreng -
whom we know presides this
year - Then we had lunch
with Aunt Ethel, and she took
me bathing down the Lake a
distance. In the evening we
went to another Lecture of Sir
Pagadis - which was tremendously
interesting - He had a full
house and his experiment
was a great success. Mr.
Einstein and others were also there.
Wednesday -

Well, here I am in

Menckätäl again - and not too
delighted either, though we have
very nice rooms on the same
street as Mademoiselle Heipp
from whose tea we have just
come in. All the girls I knew
are gone except Hauka Klockman -
and the two maids. Frida -
The new girls are very nice, but
rather young. M's garden
looks nice, and she and
Mademoiselle Julia seem to
be quite well despite no vacation.
They are very kind, but I will
not be over there often, despite
their invitations - We also have
a small garden here, and
after we have fixed things
up shall be very comfortable -
Daddy is due to arrive in a
day or so, and then it will
be more fun. I am going to

take Latin lessons again, with
the same teacher and we not
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town and bought a few
necessary things - but did
not see a soul I knew.

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Solignano
Florence

Daddy is due to arrive in a
day or so, and then it will
be more fun. I am going to

take Latin lessons again, with
the same teacher - and am not
at all keen about it, but we
are only going to be here a
month, and that makes
eight lessons. Then we all
three will go to hear some
talks at the university for
the french principally. We
expect to be taking walks
and trips a good deal, and
that will pass some of the
time. The weather is much
colder again, and I am
almost taking cold, and have
been wrapped up in a heavy
jersey all day long. It is
quite a difference from Geneva.
This morning I went down
town and bought a few
necessary things - but did
not see a soul I knew.

Thursday July 29. Today is grey and
drizzly - typical Yenchâtel weather -
And one feels quite cold. We went
down to see about the lectures in
the university, and stayed to
hear one on French society from
11-12. We also inquired about
sending red and white flowers to
the Pachewskis' at Morges. They
invited us to come again to his
birthday party on the 31st - but
as it is so far away - and we
attended last year, I don't think
we shall go but will send some
flowers. We wanted roses, but the
weather has been so unfavorable
and this is not the season that
there are none to be had anywhere.
Also the cold has injured the
gladiolas - and there are none
of the right color. We finally
decided on a basket of four pots

of a strange bell-like flower - with
a dark red center and white
border - and the whole to be
done up in beautiful red and
white ribbon and sent to
Moms - as soon as Daddy
approves - because it certainly
is expensive. I got one
of those "earnets" for the
"Trinies d'Escompte Mouchâtelois
et Jurassien", and have
already 12 frs. worth of stamps
parted in - of which 8
came from a darling bath
mat we got this morning.
I don't think I'll ever get 210
frs. worth of stamps - and
thus claim the 10 francs,
but it is fun keeping it all
the same. The Lake has an
ugly treacherous look today,
a dirty green - and big

white caps - even though there is only a slight breeze. It is a very dangerous lake - in fact the most dangerous in all Switzerland - which accounts for the small amount of boating there is on it. It is very treacherous and squalls bear down on it transforming it into a seething death-hole in a very few minutes. Switzerland is preparing for her national fête on August 1st and many references to it are seen in the newspapers.

This afternoon Mother and I walked to Colaugin and back - a total distance of about ten kilometres - which was very good for us both though at the end my knee felt slightly loose. The weather was cool and a nice bracing breeze.

It kind of drizzled, but nothing to amount to much. The trees over the road kept off what there was of the rain. The road is very lovely and leads up directly in back of us - going through some of the loveliest parts of the "Jura Neuchâtelois".

We took the "Juni" up to the plan and then walked from there - after leaving the open grain and grassy fields the road enters some lovely quiet forests - of larches - firs - spruce beech - and pines - All looking very green and fresh. with a soft carpet of brown needles and leaves on the ground. There are many little shrubs and plants - and in some places uneven soil and a good deal of undergrowth.

There are also many lovely wildflowers,
of all kinds and colors -
blue cantaberry bells - wild
scabiosa - monkey flowers -
white star like flowers - a wild
pink pea with a lemony scent,
a miniature magenta thistle -
a flowering thyme - bells of all
kinds - ~~in~~ heliotrope shrubs -
or at least shrubs with flowers
of that color but without
perfume - and many other
kinds - The soft young looking
rather dense forests are very
restful and charming. Not
so imposing as our Sierra
forests of giant Redwoods -
or Yosemite groves of huge
firs - Valangin is down
in a curve of a canyon - The
wonderful old chateau is built
on a knoll, and has a

high tones overlooking everything.
There is a wonderful patisserie
where specialties are made
such as "biscuits aux amandes"
a hard brown spice cookie -
or "biscottes" of a special
recipe - or gateau au beurre
which unfortunately leaves me
only the sad reminiscences of
an occasion of a school course
with Melle Wyss to that

same place - and the ensuing
unfortunate incidents - of the
category much better to be
forgotten. On the way home
I picked quite a large, and
certainly a very lovely bouquet
of flowers - of the kinds
already mentioned and a few
interesting yellow ones added.
When I got home I found
two letters awaiting me. One

from Trudi Buchi, who is on a wonderful school "course" in the high Alps - and who wrote me all about it, and the other from Mademoiselle Ida, saying my latin teacher would reserve two hours for me each Thursday - but as she will be here tomorrow I must go then for two hours - worse luck! Then in the morning I think we will attend some lectures at the university. Daddy arrives tomorrow, and we have his room all ready, so he can settle right down without any worry.

The glumpies of the lake from our high up road - showed us a stretch of opaque green water and white caps which with a pine wooded

point sticking out into it at
some distance - and our
own situation on the wild
commons - with forests
and hills around - and a
fog or thick mist flowing
across the tops of the
hills - and hugging the
tall grass on the higher
fields - reminded me
greatly of our dear Carmel
on the Pacific coast. The
view of Menchastel itself
from the P. Lan, the top of
the funiculaire is very
picturesque indeed - one
topsy-turvy mass of dark
terracotta and red tiled
roofs - with narrow tortuous
streets running about and
then - the wide place
with the big yellow sand-

stone banks staring at each other solemnly from opposite sides. all make Huchatel what it is - This evening just before dinner I went over to get a hat box we had left at Mademoiselle Weppin's - and I stopped and chatted a while in the salon.

Friday July 30 -

This morning I did not go to the University but instead stayed home part of the time, and then the other part I went down town again for Mother - bought some paper - got my Geneva film - and took back the ink. We had an awfully good lunch today, and Madame certainly is trying her best to please us, and do all she can to make us comfortable here. This after-

noon. I went down for my Latin lesson, which was mostly spent in talking and reciting events. I have forgotten a great many words but I guess they will all come back.



My Latin Teacher -
Lillian Burke

This evening Daddy arrives on the same train we came on - getting in at eight o'clock and eight minutes P.M. We will certainly be glad to be all together again, and he probably will bring news and maybe some mail, though I rather doubt that I will get any - it has been so very scarce lately - I am inclined to think some letters have been lost - though I guess not.

The wild cyclamen I had put in my room scent it all up, and it is most delightful to enter it. The wild cyclamen of the fura are certainly lovely - quite big and long stemmed and a lovely deep color. We went on a course last winter to Frochoux

back here, just on purpose to
pick them and we got
huge bunches. They grow in
very thick and shady forests
and have little clumps of
them rather widely scattered.
There is a good deal of
undergrowth of small plants
and moss and twigs and
broken ground, so that one
has to be careful in
clambering about not to step
into a hole, as Mademoiselle
Julia did, and nearly
broke her leg - We had to
get some men to come and
get her out. Quite well
excitements -

Well - now when I turn
this page I come to the end
of my diary. This book has
faithfully recorded the most

important events of my
wonderful third trip to
Europe - from the moment
I landed to a month or
so before my sailing for
home again. I am sure
I shall enjoy rereading
it, and may get some
subjects for future comp-
ositions from it. I had
a good deal of pleasure in
writing it, though sometimes
when there was a great
deal to tell I just got
bored and put all the
facts down like figures
in an arithmetic column.
Many - years hence when I
will look at this I shall
probably laugh - but will
never regret having it.
When I look through it I

find a page on which I
 announce I am just fifteen,
 and near the end of the
 book - a similar page -
 only the number is
 sixteen. One of the most
 depressing things I could
 do is to take the inter-
 mediate pages between
 thumb and first finger
 and say "here is a year
 of my life - to be able
 to measure it and feel how
 small it is - and yet so
 very full of every thing."
 So here ends my first real
 diary - on July 30 - 1926
 at Henchâtel in my
 grandmother's own country
 seven thousand miles from
 home.

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